TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—5 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JULY 14, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 33.

Around Town.

In the police court recently there have been a number of horrible cases of unnatural crimes committed by brutal fathers. There seems to be a wave of this sort of thing, and it has been suggested to me that the publicity given to these horrors in daily papers is partially chargeable with the apparent increase of the cases. It can be said, however, that no Toronto paper has more than made mention of the shocking occurrences and there has been no disposition to be sensational. When it was proposed in the Dominion Parliament to frame a statute governing similar cases, a considerable majority protested that even naming such things in the statute books would furnish a sort of moral or immoral precedent, familiarize people with such crimes and probably suggest the committal of them. I believe there is much in the argument, and by common consent the newspapers could easily agree to make no mention of these offences, the awfulness of which are beyond expression.

***

It is curious how in the Southern States feuds as bitter as the Corsican vendetta continue to exist. The press despatches describe a collision between the Rose and Fusten families in Tennessee, the battle having taken place outside at Laurelfork meeting house on Sunday last, just as the preacher was announcing his text. Two of the Rose faction were killed while four of their opponents were seriously, perhaps fatally wounded, together with a dozen others, who were more or less injured. These modern rivals of the Capulets and Montagues, by their recent bloody collision, have only made more deadly the feud, and while one of their faction is left to resent the latest murder it will be considered dishonorable for them to put away the shot gun and tune their hearts to peace. We think we have none of this sort of thing in Canada, but the murder of the Donnelly family in Biddulph was the result of just such a feud. It is not strange that this sort of thing is found almost entirely in rural or mountainous districts, where the people have but little to occupy their spare time except the talking over and fostering of grievances and jealousies. If you were to spend a month in the winter at the average farm fireside, you would be surprised, when the family gathers around in the evening, how little, or nothing, they have to talk about excepting the prospects of money making out of their stock or crops, and the turning over and over of some grudge they have against their neighbors. The women folks tell of slights, real or imaginary, they have received at church or school from the ones they dislike; the young men speak of their rivalries, and family councils are held as to the best means of resenting them. Even in so-called Christian homes this narrow and envious life is continually engendering bitterness and hatred. Line-fence disputes, lawsuits, personal encounters and slanders are the result. I don't mean to say that all farmers occupy their spare time in such a mean way, but I do believe that where reading, improving conversation, and an intelligent desire to benefit one's self and family, intellectually and morally, is not the rule, the fostering of old feuds, and the seeking of cause for new ones, is the chief business of those who slave through the day and slander till they sleep at night. I can easily imagine how, in the early days of the Rose and Fusten feud some petty jealousy was the cause: Bill Fusten might come home from town and tell how he had seen Jim Rose and that he would not speak to him, and then the family all chime in and say mean things of the Fusten clan, which are repeated until they reach Fusten ears, who retort in kind, and the family honor has to be kept up by a fight the next time they meet, which is repeated throughout the connection till knives, instead of fists, are used, and from this point it is an easy thing to reach the shot-gun. Once in the South I happened to be friendly with two rival factions, and heard both sides of the dispute, and in the beginning it did not amount to anything more than that a young man of one family had promised to see one of the girls of the other family home from singing or spelling school, but having in the meantime heard that she had laughed at him, and said that she was making a fool of him, he ostentatiously walked home with some other girl, and left his first love to trudge it alone or find a new escort. The story was probably a lie that he heard, but one of the girl's brothers "licked" him the first time he met him, and the next time the two young men were drinking, further blows and murder ensued. Seven or eight men had been killed over this petty quarrel at the time I knew the families in Missouri, and I don't know how many have been slaughtered since. It seldom reaches the shot-gun stage in Canada, but we have plenty of just such squabbles, and not a little barn burnings and other forms of revenge can be traced to the wicked and revengeful harboring of spites in the regions where churches, concerts, theaters and other amusements, together with good reading and the progress of culture, have not yet afforded better employment.

***

It is a compliment to Presbyterianism in Canada that Rev. Mr. Matthews of Quebec has been elected permanent secretary of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance. He is a church statistician of no mean order, and as the Alliance meets in Toronto next year, his selection is peculiarly timely, and will be appreciated by every Presbyterian throughout Canada.

***

Hon. G. W. Ross is receiving considerable censure because of his importing an English professor to fill the chair of political science at Toronto University. As a rule the importation of professors is an insult to Canadians, but I think Mr. Ross has shown good taste in selecting an outsider for the position named. Party politics run high in Canada, and there is no man of merit fitted for the position who has not allied himself with either the Reformers or Conservatives. If a well-known Grit had been selected a howl would have gone up all over Canada that the Hon. Mr. Ross had put a professor in the chair to teach Gritism. If a Conservative had been selected Mr. Ross' friends would have been rightfully offended. The easiest way out of this delicate position was to select someone who has had no part in our home squabbles. I think Hon. Mr. Ross has acted wisely. He cannot be too careful to keep party politics out of our school system.

***

Rumor whispers another side of the case to the effect that the Minister of Education favored the appointment of Mr. William Houston, the present Parliamentary librarian of Ontario, to the chair of political science, but that Hon. Edward Blake, J. D. Edgar and Prof. Daniel Wilson all dislike Houston, and made a vigorous kick when his appointment was suggested. Though the appointment rests with Hon. Mr. Ross he left it to Messrs. Blake and Mowat, who are in the Old Country, and though they are alleged Liberals they went to Baliol College, Oxford, the very hot-bed of rabid Toryism, and selected there a professor of political science for this democratic country, and it is said that the spat was so hot over it that no one feels very sweet about it yet.

***

It didn't need the parade on Thursday to exemplify the fact that Orangeism is a great power in this city and district. The immense procession bore silent witness to the fact that those who come in collision with it have a mighty influential body to fight. While we cannot but deplore the introduction into Canada of Old Country disputes it is impossible to fail in respect for the original aim of the society. If it were less a political machine it would not lose any of its strength, and there would be more devotion to the open Bible and the best precepts of the order. As it is the Orangemen have reason to be right proud of their parade.

***

Three boys from Springfield, Ill., who had filled their minds with dime novel trash about Indian slayers, armed themselves with a large amount of cutlery and guns and went out West after scalps and adventure. While in the Seminole country they lost their money and killed the Indian whom they suspected. It did not take the Indians very long to find the boys and kill them, and now they are being used as "frightful examples" of the evil of dime novel reading. No doubt the reading of such trash gives boys a false idea of life as well as wastes a great deal of their time which should be spent in study, but I doubt if a boy with any head on him can be spoiled by reading the average dime novel. It is a sort of thing that cures itself, though wise parents will always be careful to prevent their children acquiring such a habit. I used to take pride in having read a couple of hundred of those blood and thunder stories where Seven-Toed Ike the Demon of the Bloody Glen used to kill "Injuns" by the score and wear their scalps for overshoes, but the yarns, while they amused me, always brought the conviction that the writer of them was a professional liar, and never inspired any longing to wear a coon-skin cap or trap for beaver. Half a dozen of us used to camp out under buffalo robes in the woods in summer and occasionally half of the party disguised as Indians would take the other three prisoners, tie them to trees and pile faggots around them, when they would miraculously escape and turn on us and raise our "ha's" in short order. But it was no worse fun or more degrading than children playing house and nursing a stick of wood with a towel around it and calling it baby. Little girls outgrow that sort of thing and boys soon get rid of dime novel fancies. I have yet to read the dime novel where the villain was permanently unblushing nepotism, and have not been slow to introduce measures which they opposed when in opposition, and rallied against when they were in pursuit of office. Now they have introduced into the Legislature a measure largely increasing the burden of taxation already laid upon financial institutions, the tendency of which will be to drive such companies as can leave Quebec into the more intelligent atmosphere of Ontario. I would like to see corporations taxed, but it should be done fairly and not to obtain money to squander on favorites or to bolster up the party. They will tell the farmers and working men that they are taxing the corporations. In this province both these sections of the electorate are too intelligent to be misled by such humbug, but amongst the ignorant of Quebec such cries accompanied by the influence of the Church, of which Mercier is the willing slave, will, no doubt, enable him to retain his hold on the constituencies, and the price Quebec will have to pay will be retrogression and commercial disorder. It would have been well for the fragment of Liberalism now in opposition at Ottawa if Mr. Mercier had never taken triumphant or where virtue did not finally come out on top. Parents who want to keep dime novels away from their lads, cannot do it by forcing them to read Josephus or Pilgrim's Progress. They will occasionally have to provide them with clean and wholesome fiction where geography, history and zoology, and that sort of thing are imparted together with lessons of industry and honor.

***

If there can be a greater travesty on so-called Liberalism in Canada, than has been furnished by the policy and recent attitude of the Dominion Grit party, Mr. Mercier's government in Quebec has succeeded in producing it. In violation of every pledge, and in contempt of every principle in the history of Lower Canadian Liberalism, Mr. Mercier and his outfit have been reactionary, extravagant and conscienceless. They have pandered to Ultramontanism, have given hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Jesuits, have been guilty of office. His government is a scandal, his administration will taint Liberalism everywhere, and the only nail needed in the coffin of Canadian Gritism is to have Mr. Mercier as its leader.

***

Talking about Quebec, a good example of the way they do things in that benighted province is furnished by the recorder of Montreal, who bound a man named Tapley—whose other name does not happen to be Mark—in two sureties of two hundred dollars each to desist from "keeping company" with a young lady named Katie Gourley. Tapley had committed no offence for which he could be punished, but the recorder has bound him over on the ground that his conduct had been contrary to good morals. When a Police Magistrate goes into business as a mamma of all the young ladies who have young men "keeping company" with them he will get into a job several sizes larger than he can attend to. Imagine Police Magistrate Denison having to hear the complaints of all the parents who have objectionable young men coming to see their daughters. Our Police Commission seems to be inclined to let the police attend to other people's business a great deal more than they should, but I imagine they would refuse to send a constable to eject the objectionable young Jones out of the parlor, where he had been invited by the fascinating Miss Smith, because her mamma objected to his presence. If such a thing were to come to pass, the young fellow taking his girl home after ten o'clock might as well ring for the patrol wagon before he pulls the doorbell, and the cooler would be full of disconsolate lovers who had been torn rudely from the front gate by the "Move-an-there!" There would be a great saving of gate hinges, and probably of fuel and gas on the part of the property-owners, but the taxes for the extra police force would reduce the surplus. Then, too, there would have to be a training school provided for the policemen, in order to furnish them with a knowledge of amatory affairs sufficient to detect the difference between the young man who is trying to sell a sewing machine and the one who wants to put himself into the position where he will need one. Recently there have been a number of instances where insane men have been arrested as drunks, and it is easy to conceive how the lunatic and the lover, being so near akin, would be eternally getting mixed in the hands of the police.

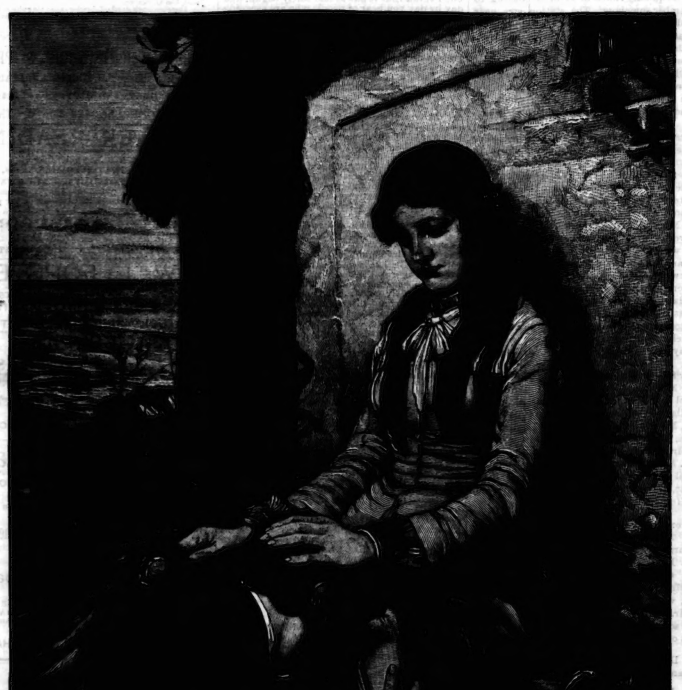
***

Here in Toronto we have had an example of marital infelicity in the Glassey family, Mrs. Allan Glassey having discovered her husband in an altogether too affectionate attitude with that poor girl, Jenny Irving, whose body was found floating in the bay. Her suicide, if it were a suicide, has caused a number of unpleasant consequences to men who thought they were having quite a nice time on the quiet. Her record is that of many a girl who is more silly than sinful. She was fond of having lots of "fellows," and didn't seem to care whether they were married or single. While her conduct was anything but what it should have been the men who sought, if they did not accomplish her ruin, are displayed in a most unenviable light. Their letters show how these human spiders lay in wait for the unwary fly, and I would not be surprised if it were yet proved that in one of the many rooms in the boat houses on the Esplanade a tragedy took place which ended in the poor girl's death. She seems to have been one of that class of girls who imagine that they can go great lengths and do all sorts of foolish things without losing their honor. The end is invariably the same. The fly may escape a great many spiders, but if it keeps playing around the web it will certainly be entangled therein. Aside from the sorrow and sympathy which a case of this kind excites the tragic death suggests to every mind the horror of shame, remorse or hopelessness which drove her to her death if it were a suicide, while the fear that it was not a suicide arouses thoughts of the folly which led her into temptation and of the crime which ended in her death.

***

The public always has sympathy for a wronged wife, but the wronged wife who has figured so largely in the Jenny Irving case has been so unduly anxious to get her husband into trouble, that she has lost much of the sympathy she would otherwise have had. She has given her sorrows to the public with an eagerness and volubility not suggestive of any great love for her erring spouse. He made a bad mistake, as every man does who makes love to any woman but his wife, and she has not mended matters by seeming so anxious to have him punished. If there is a spark of manhood in him he must have suffered for his mistake and the public will be apt to think that the wife, who in the presence of such a tragedy seems anxious to have her husband indicted, was hardly one who could expect to retain the affections of a man. Many women have forgiven greater sins than that of Allan Glassey, and have no cause to regret their remembrance of that part of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

DON.



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It Might Have Been.

Ah! had he told his love but one short week ago. And she! Love draws her, we are assured, to the dark haired lover at her feet, but the influence of ambitious parents are potent weapons, when the Midas of December sues for the hand of dowerless May. Aye, truly!

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Professor Clark of Trinity College was the orator at the recent Commencement of Hobert College, Geneva, N. Y., and received the honorary degree of LL.D.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Manning, Miss Manning, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, the Misses Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dickson of U. C. College, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. A. B. Lee, Mr. J. Ince, Mr. A. B. Cameron, Mr. C. J. Holman, Mr. A. D. Leslie, Mr. Murray Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson of Galt, Mrs. Blake, Miss Monaghan, Miss Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. M. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henderson, the Misses Henderson, and the crews of the Rochester Yacht Club yachts Majel, Florence and Rippie are and have been guests during the week at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

•

There is no place which sends visitors more welcome and more fair to Toronto than the little town of Port Hope. Miss Eddie Hugel of that town of beauties is staying with Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance at the Island. In this lady's honor Mrs. Torrance gave a large dinner party on Tuesday. Of her guests many rowed and paddled across the bay, while some braved the crowding and discomfort of the ferry. The affair was pronounced the greatest possible success.

•

Mrs. Ducat of County Carlow, Ireland, and formerly of Port Hope, who has been the guest of Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer for a week or two, is now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir at Parkdale.

•

Still another inhabitant of the same lakeside town is Miss Ethel Brown, who often favors Toronto with her presence, and who has been in town this week on a visit to Mrs. Fuller at the Island.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels left for the Lower Provinces on Monday. Far down the Gulf they will spend some two months, and will return no doubt invigorated by its health-giving Atlantic breezes.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon left on Wednesday, and their departure brought many people to the Union Station to bid them farewell. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon propose to join Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels on the lower St. Lawrence.

•

Hon. Alexander Morris, Mrs. Morris and family left town this week for their Island on Lake Rosseau. Mr. C. A. Pipon will be among the many guests whom they will entertain during the summer.

•

Mrs. De Lisle left town last Saturday on her way to Murray Bay, that pretty and most popular resort on the St. Lawrence, patronised yearly by crowds of Torontonians, as well as Montrealers and dwellers in Quebec.

•

Mrs. James Strachan went to Montreal this week, to be the guest of Hon. Donald McInnes.

•

Mrs. John Boulton and most of her large family went on Thursday to their pretty country place, which is close enough to town for their friends to visit them without difficulty, and for town itself not to be deprived of their occasional presence.

•

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny have gone to the Island to inhabit that beau ideal of an island house, which they have purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon.

•

Mrs. Walter Dickson came to town from Galt for a few days this week.

•

Other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. John Hendrie of Kingston, who spent a few days here on their way from Hamilton to the former place.

•

Professor and Mrs. Hutton have gone to the island in Muskoka which they have lately purchased.

•

Mr. Reginald Fox has ended a short visit to Governor's Island, Lake Joseph, and is once more in town.

•

Toronto during July and August would indeed be a social wilderness if it were not for the Island, and the numbers of people whom its cool breezes and charming cottages induce not to wander further afield. To those who are left the exodus this year seems appallingly large, but fortunately the Island is near and many a pleasant house there is close at hand ready with open doors to welcome all friends who will come.

•

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr are expected to return from Europe before the end of August, when they intend to move their goods and chattels to Rathnally on the pretty Rosedale heights.

•

If report errs not, it will not be much later ere Government House, empty now that Mr. and Mrs. Vernon have left it, will open its doors to receive Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell, who do not expect to remain in England after the end of August.

•

Mr. Colin Campbell has left town to join Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at their place in the Georgian Bay.

•

If other ladies whose birthdays occur at this season would celebrate them as Miss Maud Yarker celebrated hers on Friday of last week, attractions at other places would have to be very great to induce people to leave Toronto in the pleasant summer time. Miss Yarker's picnic has been very much discussed, and its attendant festivities appeared likely to be so pleasant, that not a few people who had intended leaving town last week, deferred departure until this week, in order that such a pleasant affair should not be missed. Shortly after five on Friday the wharf of the Argonaut Club afforded an unusually pretty and animated scene. Upwards of fifty ladies and gentlemen were there assembled, and shortly afterwards embarked on Mr. Polson's steam yacht Vivia. Although the wind whistled loudly overhead, and even the bay was not without its white caps, nobody felt any misgivings, and the mirth and laughter which always distinguishes such a company, abounded. The party was just enough for the capacity of the yacht, and the upper deck, the stern and the bow decorated with pretty faces and charming toilettes, the boat must have been a pretty sight indeed. She quickly carried her charming passengers to the Humber, but when the shelter of the island had been left behind, the sea was found to be running very high, and when the mouth of the river was neared, it was found to be impossible to land, with the water so rough, at such a broken and dilapidated wharf. There was nothing for it but to return, and the Argonaut Club was soon once more reached. Not too soon, however, for half an hour or so in the rough water had been quite enough for some few of the passengers, and already the qualms of the terrible *mal de mer* had been felt in some quarters. A consultation at the wharf as to what was to be done was quickly ended in favor of getting to the Humber somehow. The station was near at hand, but there were no convenient trains. Mr. Yarker, however, was not to be deterred. A special train was ordered, and was soon in readiness, and the Humber was reached at last. A flotilla of boats were in readiness, and the party rowed and paddled themselves up the stream to one of its prettiest points, where the fire had been long burning and a meal prepared. After full justice had been done to the *al fresco* afternoon tea, and a pleasant hour had been spent after the fashion common to all picnickers, a return was made to the Humber station. The special had been ordered at nine, and appeared sharp on time. Even when town was reached the evening pleasures were not over. At the scene of so much hospitality, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker's charming house on Beverley street, had been prepared a supper which was just what a birthday supper ought to be, and which was especially welcome after a somewhat fatiguing afternoon and evening. Numbers of little tables in many rooms and verandahs were found as enjoyable an arrangement as it always has been, and always will be. Amongst others who shared the pleasures of this delightful fete were Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Wallace Jones, Miss Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Harry Gamble, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Captain Sears, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Miss Spratt, Mr. Tilley, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, the Misses Green, Miss Evans, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mr. Roberts, the Misses Merritt, Messrs. Thomas, Shanly, Heaton, and Miss Hugel of Port Hope.

•

The exodus is becoming more and more complete. At the end of last week, the first part of a large contingent, who are going west by the C. P. R. as far as British Columbia, left town. Of the party were Mrs., Miss Merritt, and Mr. Hamilton Merritt, and Miss May Jones, while Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Mr. Cecil Gibson started this week. Of these, some stop at Banff on the way out, and others on the way back.

•

Mr. Donne left town this week to join his regiment in England.

•

Mrs. McRae of Winnipeg, *nee* Vankoughnet of Toronto, has been staying with Mrs. Vankoughnet on Bloor street east, for a week or two, and returned on Wednesday to Manitoba.

•

The following are the names of some of the Toronto people who left Quebec this week for Europe on the Allan Line Mail S. S. Polynesian: Mr. J. F. McLaughlin, Mr. Arnold, Mrs. Bredin, Mr. Donne, Mr. Parkes, Mr. Finborn, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Edward Fisher.

•

Baron A. Von Hugel of Port Hope is staying at the Queen's Hotel.

•

Mr. Frank Jones is spending his holidays at Eastwood with his sister, Mrs. T. C. Patteson. He is expected home next week.

•

A little bird whispers that Mrs. Bunting is giving a small tennis party on Monday evening next, at her residence 25 Queen's Park.

•

Miss Horrocks is spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. C. W. Bunting, during her mother's absence in Europe.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Wolferston Thomas, who have been traveling in the Eastern States since their marriage, were spending a few days this week in town, on their way to their home at London. The bride and bridegroom were the guests of the mother of the bride, Mrs. Matthew Vankoughnet, on John street.

•

Dr. Larratt W. Smith left this week to join his family on their island in Lake Rosseau.

•

Mr. Beverley Robinson, jr., has returned from Muskoka, and is in town.

•

Mr. Creighton Stuart of London, England, went this week for a short visit to the chief points of interest in the Muskoka Lakes.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton have abandoned the far north and purchased a house on Wilcox street.

•

The annual championship tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club has been fixed for the week following the cricket match of the eleven of Irish Gentlemen in Toronto. The time is well chosen, because several of the Irishmen are expected to compete, and as one of them, Mr. Hamilton, has been formerly the champion of Ireland, spectators will see some unusually excellent play. Of late years two gentlemen from London, Ont., have had things too much their own way.

•

The party of nineteen ladies and gentlemen who left for Europe June 14, have arrived safely. It consists of Mr. Alfred Hoskin, Miss Turner, Rev. G. Nattress, Miss Miles, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Birchall, Mr. Reid, Mrs. Reid, Miss Davis, of Toronto; Mrs. Weir of Chicago; Miss H. M. Hill, Mrs. Telfer, Miss Proudfoot, Miss Scott, of Toronto; Mrs. M. Gaviller of Collingwood, Miss H. Gaviller, Miss M. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Mrs. F. H. Hill of Chicago, Miss F. Streeter of Brooklyn, N. Y.

•

Good fortune followed them in the great steadiness of the White Star S. S. Republic which, laden with a well packed cargo, well supported the reputation she has earned. Consequently there was but little *mal-de-mer*, and the substantial well cooked meals were very regularly attended.

•

The latter half of the list proceeded to the Continent under the escort of Miss H. M. Hill cheered by this auspicious beginning. May their good fortune continue until their return in the autumn, when the trip will become a happy reminiscence.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The summer exodus is somewhat slow of starting this year, owing to the delightfully cool weather we have experienced up till now, but I think that it has at last fairly begun, and day by day you hear of people who are escaping to hillside, seaside, lakeside or riverside. The popular local summer resort is Britannia, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about nine miles from Ottawa. It is situated at the point where the waters of the Ottawa river in their tireless journey to the ocean, having had a good stretch in the expanse of Lac Deschenes, begin to be furrowed into foam by the quick descent that leads to the Chaudiere Falls. The watercape is striking, for there on the one hand is a pretty expanse of calm, restful water, while here on the other is the same element worked into fury and madness, leaping and cavorting like a limitless troop of white-maned steeds. The landscape is not so striking. The timber is small and mean, having great difficulty in drawing nourishment from the handful of soil that covers the limestone rocks that crop up very liberally at every few yards. The great attraction, however, is the water. No matter how hot the day, an occasional waft of air comes across Lac Deschenes, Lake of the Oaks, tempered of its scorching heat by the cool fields of water. Here Ottawa has made its summer bedroom. To own a cottage at Britannia is a sign of prosperity or even affluence. Those who cannot become landed proprietors can secure board and lodging, fairly good. Bathing and fishing with "sparking" intermingled with both are the main amusements. Boating is also indulged in, but there is a little element of danger in this because of the rapids, into which if a frail craft, or for that matter any kind of a craft, got there that would be an end of it. In my next I will send you names of some of the visitors to Britannia for I think by that time the cottages will be well filled up. I intend also having a word to say of Aylmer, another favorite summer abiding place.

Matters of a social kind are very dull in the city. Lord Stanley will be away until September, and until he returns social movements in the higher circles will languish. The Premier and Lady Macdonald have left for Muskoka for the sea shore, and others of the Ministers are at large seeking in rural ozone a nepenthe for the vexations and distractions of political life.

Talking of politics the ladies are chiefly exercised just now as to the female belongings of new cabinet ministers and prospective ministers. Of course Mrs. Dewdney is already well-known here and her skill as a hostess is second to none. She will be a decided acquisition to Ottawa society. Mrs. Charley Tupper (people can't call the younger Tupper by the dignified appellative Charles, which is associated indelibly with Tupper *pere*) is also a lady of strongly social instincts and will be warmly welcomed here. WATCHMAN.

BERLIN.

Notwithstanding the bad weather, the Town Hall was very comfortably filled on Thursday evening, June 28, on the occasion of Mr. Zoellner's benefit, at the first public concert of the academy. Mr. Zoellner and his fellow teachers, as well as their pupils, are to be congratulated on the admitted success of their concert.

The street railway between Berlin and Waterloo is about to be started. We hope to see it completed for the great Band and Firemen's Tournament on the 25th and 26th inst.

The Misses M. Bowman, H. Pearce, G. Bowlby and D. Zagler, have returned from their studies in Toronto.

Mr. Hooper of the Merchants' Bank is spending a couple of weeks with relations in Kingston. Mr. W. Tisdale is in town spending a couple of weeks with his sister, Mrs. A. J. Bowman. Mrs. R. Reynolds is enjoying a visit from her daughter, Mrs. R. M. Jaffray of Chicago. Miss Stanley has returned from her trip through the provinces very much improved in health and spirits.

Rev. R. Von Pirch has left town for a trip up the lakes. Mr. E. F. Clement and family left last week for a couple of months around Georgian Bay.

Two or three of our bachelors got up a drive to Hamburg last Wednesday, and among the ladies I noticed Mrs. A. Millar, Miss Stanley, Miss Gibson, Miss Bowman and Miss Jaffray.

The Lutheran Church held a very successful strawberry festival last Wednesday, at which the band contributed some splendid selections. Everyone came home well satisfied with their evening's enjoyment. AJAX.

The Mistake She Made.

At a party the hostess said to a guest, "I want you to entertain Mr. Blank a little; he looks bored to death. I will introduce him, and you must try to amuse him. You know his strong point is butter, on which he has written a book."

The lady guest graciously undertook the task of entertaining the man, inwardly wondering that he should be so interested in butter—of which she knew very little—when his face indicated a mind given to much profound thinking.

However, with butter in view, she began on the weather, gradually got to the country, then on to a farm, from that to cows, and at last to butter. The man looked more bored than ever, the magic word butter producing not the slightest effect, and he left her somewhat abruptly, and soon withdrew from the house.

"I did my best," she explained to the hostess; "I went through agonies to prove that I was deeply interested in butter, but it was all in vain."

"Butter!" exclaimed the hostess. "What possessed you to talk to that man, of all men, on butter? I told you he had just written a book on Buddah, and I knew how deeply you too were interested in the same subject."

And they said in chorus, "Gracious!"

E. BEETON
WATCH SPECIALIST
Repairing of CHRONOMETERS, REPEATERS
And other complicated watches my forte.
ADELAIDE STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE
Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1885

OSTRICH FEATHER DYER
The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pom-Poms, Algrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Latest French Styles and Colors.
J. W. A. BUTLER, 88 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS
Finest Cabinet Photographs $2 per Dozen.
R. LANE - 147 YONGE ST.

Mrs. M. McLaughlin
(Late of Chicago)
220 Wellington Street West
Elegant Paris Goods and Trimmings for Ladies' Dresses. Please call. Inspection is invited.
Ladies' Outfits Furnished Complete.

MISS M. DOYLE
Formerly of Yonge street, has removed her Dress and Mantle Making Establishment to 30 Queen street west (opposite Enox Church), where she will be pleased to meet her customers in future. Her work will, as in the past, be first-class.

Toronto Conservatory of Music
Hon. G. W. Allan, President
OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON
60 TEACHERS: Virtually all departments of Music taught from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, solo singing, harmony, etc., etc. Certificates and Diplomas awarded. Tuition, $5 and upwards per term. Pupils may join at any time. Special rates for students desiring instruction in one branch only. Date of entry should be given in all cases. Board and room provided. FREE ADVANTAGES: Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, recitals, etc. Calendar giving full information mailed on application.
There being private schools bearing a similar name in Toronto, it is particularly requested that all correspondence for the Conservatory be addressed
EDWARD FISHER, Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

AMERICAN BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS
Ladies', Misses', Children's, Infants'.
LOUIS XV. BOOTS AND SLIPPERS A SPECIALTY.
L. A. STACKHOUSE, 427 YONGE STREET.

SUMMER READING
MIDSUMMER NUMBERS OF THE
GRAPHIC, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
BOYS' OWN, GIRLS' OWN, ETC.
Also new books by Rider Haggard, The Duchess, Wm. Black, James Payne, Robert Buchanan and other popular authors
NYE & ARMSTRONG,
The Rossin House News Depot,
10 ROSSIN BLOCK, - - TORONTO.

J. W. L. FORSTER,
ARTIST | PORTRAITS In Oil and Crayon
STUDIO—KING STREET EAST.

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on Shortest Notice.
Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East.

Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street, Toronto
In the handsome window of above address an exhibition of
The English-Franco-American Perfume Co.,
PARIS ET LONDRES,
AND
The Morse Soap Company,
TORONTO,
Will be made for the next two weeks. Ladies, call and be refreshed with the best in the market, FERNANDINA FLORIDA WATER, continually running in my Automatic Fountain, for sampling by my customers.
GEO. A. BINGHAM.

EXCURSIONS
To MUSKOKA, MACKINAC
And all points on The Great Lakes.
Barlow Cumberland,
72 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

CHINA HALL
49 King St. E., Toronto.

FRUIT JARS
(AMERICAN)
Mason's Improved
The Best and Only American Fruit Jar in the Market.

GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE
LAWN TENNIS
AND
CRICKETING GOODS
SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR
Wright & Ditson Lawn Tennis, Shaw & Shrewsbury Cricketing Goods
The Largest Stock in Canada to Choose From

C. & J. ALLEN
29 King St. West, Toronto
Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. Correspondence invited for club supplies.

M. E. SNIDER, DENTIST
330 Jarvis St., 3rd door north of Carlton St.
Nitrous Oxide Administered.
Telephone No. 2259.

DRESSMAKER'S MAGIC SCALE
Simplest tailor system for cutting taught. Perfect fit guaranteed. Dresses and mantles cut and fitted.
Adjustable Dress Forms
MISS CHUBB, 179 King St. West
Second door east of St. Andrew's Church.

R. RANDOLPH ARNDELL
Royal Academy of Music, London.
Cultivation of the Voice and Piano
TERMS AT NORDHEIMER'S.

J. FRASER BRYCE
PHOTOGRAPHER
107 KING STREET WEST

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Have Special Pleasure in calling the attention of the Ladies who read "Saturday Night" to their magnificent display of High-Class Novelties in
DRESS FABRICS, DRESS SILKS,
Cotton Washing Textures, Embroidered Robes, Lace Flouncings, Allover Laces, Embroideries, Jetted Laces, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Corsets, Skirts, Parasols, Umbrellas, Mantles, Costumes, Millinery and Household Furnishings of every description. Largest Retail Stock in the Dominion to choose from, and at price guaranteed lower than any other First-Class House in the Trade.
Inspection and Correspondence respectfully solicited by
W. A. MURRAY & CO.,
DIRECT IMPORTER, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25 AND 27 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

THE YATISI CORSET
Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer the ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for hygienic, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

"Don" at Queenstown and Blarney.

ONE can scarcely imagine a more beautiful view than we had in the brightening gray of the morning, with a cool wind blowing softly, while gliding through the blue waters of Queenstown harbor. Passing the fortified headlands, the green hills—the gloriously green hills—of Ireland reveal to the traveler, who for the first time sees that lovely coast, the magnificent richness of verdure which has made her live in the memory of her exiled people as the Emerald Isle. The few passengers who have left the ship to land at Queenstown stand silently gazing at the beauty of the scene. The tall, pockmarked young Irishman, who had led all the sports in the steerage, can hardly be recognized in his black suit and shiny silk hat, as he leans against a pile of trunks and mail-bags, his hat shoved to the back of his head, gazing with

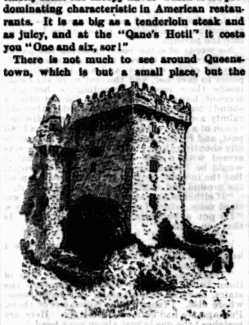
rapture at the green hills, his eyes filled with tears. I could not but observe his face, perhaps I stared rudely, for, drawing himself up, he turned to me with swimming eyes and trembling lips, exclaiming, "Poor Ireland, God bless her." I saw him afterwards at Killarney. He had a young and pretty wife with him, and they were honeymooning. He had certainly made one of the daughters of "Poor Ireland" a deal happier.

Passing Spike Island and Haulbowline, the big black training ship, and Cross Haven on the western side of the harbor, Queenstown looms proudly up, the long line of stone buildings on the principal streets following the line of the coast, the buildings rising one above the other on the face of the hill, as if each street were a terrace, and the handsome Protestant churches and the fine Catholic cathedral looking down on the wharf where we land. One is not a little surprised, in free trade Britain, to have customs officers going through the "other suit of clothes" in your valise, mauling over your shirts and collars, and prodding your night-shirt for cigars and liquor, questioning you all the while as to whether you have any fire-arms in your carpet-bag or on your person. After satisfying the officers that we were not Irish politicians and that our intentions were honorable, we started up town, and turning a corner of the station, my companion stood still, began to laugh, and requested me "to get onto that string of second-hand coffins." Before us stood an Irish railway train. The worst procession of second-rate omnibuses and old dump carts you can imagine, would have looked respectable alongside those little, black, weather-beaten passenger coaches, and the goods-cars without any tops on them and about big enough to hold a couple of cooking-stoves. To a man from this side of the Atlantic it was too funny for anything, and the engine wasn't any bigger than the little pony affairs which do the shunting down on the Esplanade. The guard took charge of our heavy luggage, and promised to see it safely through to the Railway Hotel at Killarney, and following the porter with our valises, we meandered up the street towards the Queen's Hotel. Everything seems to be built of cut stone, and those piers and streets will probably be as good five hundred years hence as they are now.

Without having to wait any longer, we were introduced to what afterwards impressed us as the three most obstrusive features of the Irish population, the beggars, the crows and the constabulary. The rooks were cawing in the trees and hopping impudently about the streets, blinking at us with their wicked little eyes. Members of the constabulary were strolling about, and even at that early hour of the morning, ragged, shrivelled old women on crutches, or with orange baskets, were begging for a penny, "For the love of God, sor," and responding to each donation with cries of "God bless yez, long life to yez, sor, if it wasn't for the kiltes of yez sor, we would all be dld in Ireland, we would, sor, yez be all gintlemen from America, sor."

The Queen's Hotel is a good place to stop, and I introduced myself to a lamb chop, the like of which is never seen in America. The raising of mutton for meat instead of wool is not yet one of our fine arts. The chop one gets in Ireland does not taste of wool, and distinctly lacks the sheepy flavor which is its predominating characteristic in American restaurants. It is as big as a tenderloin steak and as juicy, and at the "Gane's Hotil" it costs you "One and six, sor!"

There is not much to see around Queenstown, which is but a small place, but the



facilities of getting to Cork, some sixteen miles away, are numerous. You can go by boat up the river, or by train, but we chose the jaunting car. About twenty loud-voiced sons of Erin surrounded the steps of the hotel, each one gesticulating frantically with his whip and shouting: "Have a car-r-r, sor! have a car-r-r, sor! Take moine, sor; cushions at the back, sor; a foine horse, sor; that's him there, sor; don't nade no whip, sor." We chose a nice, bright-faced young driver, with a brogue on him that he won't lose if he lives a thousand years, and away we went, one of us hanging by hands, feet and eyelashes on to each side of the yellow car, the lusty young Irishman on the seat laying the gad to his horse at every jump.

"Whose house is that?"

"It's Captain Thingaby's, sor, (I forget his name). But he don't live there, sor."

I asked the same question concerning half-a-dozen of the handsome houses with large grounds shaded by magnificent trees under which sleepy cattle and fat sheep were lazily chewing their cuds.

"What's that?" I inquired.

"That's a round tower, sor."

"When was it built?"

"I don't know, sor. Afore iver Earl McCarty or Brien Boru, sor."

"Do you know what they were for?"

"Dade I don't, sor. Some sort of a hathen church, sor."

"Is that another round tower?" I inquired, pointing to the circular building to the right.

"Dade it isn't, sor. That was a barracks, sor. The time of the Fanians it was full of soldiers, sor."

"Are there any in it now?" I asked.

"No wan but an owld man to take care of it, sor. There's another fornlnst the hill, sor, and wan beyant that I'll point out to yez, sor, on the other side of the river, sor," he answered, pointing with his whip to a low hill, dimly visible, far to the left; and then with all his might, as if to let off steam, he fell to work on his horse and whipped it into a gallop.

"On the banks of the Shannon, when Sheila was nigh,
No blythe Irish lad was so happy as I, etc.

We were following the bank of the Shannon, sometimes taking a sweep away from it over glorious hills with the half-grown grain in the undulating fields giving promise of an excellent harvest. The walls on the roadside to the right and left were covered with ivy, the furze and heather mingling their deep greens and bright blossoms with bluebells, primroses and daisies, and as far as the eye could reach on that quiet Sunday, the land of agitation, the home of poverty, and the cradle of discontent was a picture of peace and fertile beauty. As the road swerved somewhat from the river, I inquired to whom the land belonged, and was told it all was the property of an absentee.

"Dade, we never see him, sor. That's his residence there, sor, and the drive lading up to it, sor. Yez can go in this gate, sor, and drive in that park five miles, sor, and come out at another gate that I'll show yez further on, sor. If we had all the land that is in that park, sor, for raising potaties on, sor, there wouldn't be so many beggars in Queenstown, sor."

This evidence of discontent with the existing state of affairs encouraged me to ask him if he was a land leaguer.

"Dade, I'm nothing but a poor car-r-r-driver, sor. I never want any words wid the constabulary, sor, for, if yez do, it's six months yez'll be

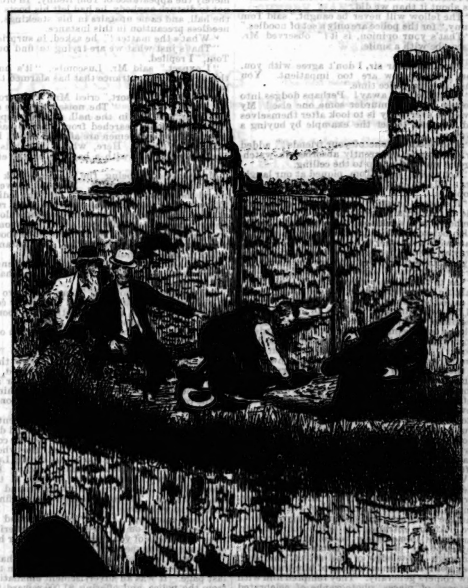
getting, sor, and the divil take the wans that's waiting for yez to bring them a bit to ate, sor, for sure they'll starve before you get out again, sor."

By this time the harbor was left behind us, though in what had been a large bayou, now cut off from the tide by the railway embankments, lay three or four old hulks rotting on the shore. In the river several large vessels lay at anchor, waiting for the favor of high water to carry them to the wharf at Cork. As the car jolts along, we pass many groups of church-goers arrayed in their Sunday clothes, nearly all of the women bare-headed, while donkey carts were carrying old women home from mass, and grinning boys, loitering by the roadside, never failed to turn and run after the car and beg for pennies. In an hour and forty-five minutes after leaving Queenstown, we alighted at the Imperial Hotel, Cork. We paid our driver fifteen shillings and stretched our stiffened limbs, for I can tell you it is no joke hanging on to one of these jolting cars through a sixteen mile ride. One is not likely to fall off, but the novice expects to be flung into the ditch every time the car turns a corner. On a Canadian road, at the speed at which our Jehu drove us, a man's back would be broken in three places before he reached his journey's end. But the roads of Ireland are as smooth as a floor, and it is nervous tension and lack of muscular flexibility which makes the first rides on the jaunting cars so tiresome. Though I had been told to let myself go "limber," I couldn't do it. I had a leg pressed against each end of the foot-board, hung on with both hands and sat as stiff as a ramrod all the way.

After we had had a wash and a lemonade, we started out to see the town, and the first

thing we met was a funeral procession, led by a hearse, drawn by four horses covered with plumes, while the coffin was carried on the shoulders of the bearers, who were draped with mourning bands and rosettes and sashes, till you couldn't see the color of their clothes. Various societies were walking in the rear, and from the imposing ceremonials, we presumed it was the mayor of the town who had gone hence. We inquired, and learned that the deceased was a "pig merchant." The "pig merchant" in Ireland, as we discovered later, is a very influential personage, and as he travels about a great deal, is the newsmonger and agitator and trader combined in one.

The first place we visited was St. Finbarr's Cathedral, which is by far the handsomest church in the south of Ireland. It was rebuilt in 1870, and is a most imposing structure. The front of it is most magnificently carved and gilded, and the lofty interior, to one just beginning to view old country churches, is a revelation of massive grandeur. Gold leaf has been used without stint, but I cannot say that it adds much to the appearance of the building, giving it a too gorgeous look. It was evident that the Protestants were determined to show Cork just what they could do in the way of church building. St. Mary's Cathedral, built in 1868, of stone with white trimmings, is a somewhat squat and rather Dutch looking affair with a fine tower. The interiors of St. Peter's and St. Paul's Churches are very fine, but I will not weary you with descriptions,



though St. Vincent's Church and Sunday's Well are well worth mentioning as beautiful places. The Mardyke Walk, St. Patrick's street, the Grand Parade and the Berwick fountain, are among the notable beauties of Cork. Queen's College, some forty years old, and Monkstown on the River Lee are points of interest.

The chief place of attraction in the neighborhood of Cork is Blarney and its famous castle, about six miles distant. In the afternoon we braced ourselves in another jaunting car and started to see the "Blarney stone." The ride from Cork to Blarney is one of the most beautiful on earth. I have not seen the whole earth, but in the considerable sections it has been my fortune to traverse, nothing so charming in pastoral landscape has ever met my view. There are two roads leading to Blarney, one along the bank of the river Lee, by the side of which the railway runs, while another leads over the hills, through groves of lime trees and under the spreading branches of elm and beech. Cosy and elegant homes of small landed proprietors give no hint of distress but indicate affluence and refinement. Nanny goats browse on the stone walls and stir the stillness by their plaintive bl-a-a-t, and horses and cattle in the meadows of glesming green relieve the monotony of the many brown potato fields. Now we come to a little National school surrounded by a score of low, stone, thatch-roofed houses, each consisting of a couple of rooms with the ducks and the hens disputing possession with the pig and the "childer." Then again we climb the uplands and Cork and the Shannon lie before us and the eye can follow the little line of blue where the Lee meanders past the meadows where the city people are picnicing and lovers are sitting beneath the shade. A little further on another antique village is passed, an old lady with a white cap is sitting on the door step rubbing the ears of an under-fed pig; menfolk are leaning over the walls, and a squad of children are playing at eviction, half of their number being in possession of the pig-pen and the other half, evidently representing the constabulary, are endeavoring to obtain possession.

Winding down through the valley we come in sight of the ruins of Blarney castle standing high on the hill beyond the village. Blarney village is a small place, and on that Sunday afternoon the men and boys were playing something resembling shinny on the green. Sixpence apiece admits us to the ground, and along well-kept walks, under ancient trees and amidst beds of primroses we wended our way to the base of the castle of which a good idea can be gathered from the accompanying sketch. The massive walls, still in good repair, are covered in many places with ivy, which, like a thick mantle of green, silken sheen, adds a beauty which is never seen in America.

A guide takes you in hand, and at once informs you that this castle was built by Cormack McCarthy in 1449, and that the gloomy cavern with the arched door (see cut No. 3) is where Cromwell's soldiers were imprisoned when captured by the Irish warrior. He lights a candle and leads the way. Every step the cavern assumes a more dungeon-like appearance. The walls, hewn out of solid rock glisten with ooze, and the rough, rocky floor with big boulders scattered about, is moist and slimy. We are invited to go a mile or two further, this pleasant apartment the guide tells us reaching for that distance, with secret passages connecting it with the castle. I have already smashed a plug hat, and my corpulent companion vigorously expresses his weariness of traveling on his hands and knees, and says if I want to go further, I can go alone, so we turn back, after having been presented with a piece of stone on which some Roundhead warrior had perhaps slept while Earl McCarthy was starving him to death for being found so far away from home minding other people's business. We were shown the secret staircase, which always figures in romantic novels concerning castles and were ushered into some dungeons which were not romantic at all, the walls being about six feet thick and the windows about six inches wide, through which a solitary bar of light came but to make the gloom visible. I think I would change my religion or politics and give up my wealth or refuse to be a suitor for Miss McCarthy's hand rather than be immured in one of the basement dungeons, which have no light at all, for more than fifteen minutes at a time. They have most depressing effect, and even after you get out into the bright sunlight again the smell and feeling of those subterranean graves appal the senses and make it seem natural enough that in the days of Earl McCarthy the peasants

(Continued on Page Ten.)

A REIGN OF TERROR.

In the beginning of November, 186—, New York was startled by a terrible crime—the murder of an eccentric and solitary old man. She was known to keep a large sum of money in her bedroom, and as every penny had disappeared, the motive was plain enough. As regards the criminal, a man had been seen leaving the house about midnight, and a description of him had been handed to the police, who, of course, were sent to have a close shadowing the public doubted. The papers being full of the tragedy, it formed the chief topic of conversation.

In Mrs. Yate's boarding-house we talked of very little else at dinner that evening. Those of us who had recently returned from down town and were therefore supposed to have heard the latest news, were simply inundated with questions. I should think the story must have been told at least a dozen times, for each had a different version, and insisted upon its accuracy. Mrs. Yate, a stout and dressy woman who sat at the head of the table and carved, giving to each according as she valued him, had often to pause in her task, so ghastly were the details that passed from mouth to mouth; and Miss Dunne, an elderly spinster with a long and red-tipped nose, announced her intention of examining her room thoroughly before she went to bed. Tom Renny whispered to me that she would first look in her whisky bottle; a piece of scandal which I should not set down here were it not for my determination to tell the whole truth.

In the midst of this discussion a cab stopped at the door, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Yate was summoned to receive a visitor; an incident that always gave rise to many conjectures. Presently we heard the noise of baggage being brought into the hall, from which we inferred that our circle had been increased by another boarder. Mrs. Yate was generally prepared for emergencies of this sort. Having a large house to fill, she was not very particular about references, but trusted more to her eyes and ears after she had safely caged her bird.

When she returned, smiling mysteriously, she announced the new arrival to be a Mr. Jackson. "Such a gentlemanly man, with plenty of money; a confirmed invalid; going to have his meals in his room as he pleases; an incl B.—All Mrs. Yate's boarders were swans at first, but their plumage soon took a different hue.

"What is Mr. Jackson like?" asked red-headed Miss Hatch. "Oh, do tell me! I'm simply dying to know."

"Well," replied Mrs. Yate, beaming over folded hands, "he is short and slight; his face is handsome, smooth-shaven, and wrinkled a little; his hair is light, turning gray; eyebrows arched like my friend General ——; he stoops rather, and has a bad cough, poor man; his manners are affable though nervous. I think that's all I noticed about him."

"Dear me, how interesting!" said Miss Hatch with enthusiasm. "And his baggage—"

"Though small in quantity is good in quality. Not that that matters much," added Mrs. Yate complacently, "for he has paid me a month in advance."

"And his cough?" anxiously inquired old Mr. Parrot.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid. You won't hear it." She turned towards me to say: "Mr. Jackson has taken the big room at the end of your passage, so — why goodness gracious, there's another cab stopping! Not another boarder surely."

As we sat listening there came such a sharp knock at the door that several ladies actually screamed, no doubt because their nerves had been overstrung by the accounts of the murder. Mrs. Yate was again summoned from the table, and upon her return told us a Mr. Luscombe had taken the vacant room next Mr. Jackson's.

"Oh, how very odd," exclaimed Miss Hatch. "Luscombe is quite an aristocratic name. Is he nice?"

"He has paid me a week in advance, at any rate," replied Mrs. Yate, looking severely at poor old Mr. Parrot, who was, I fear, considerably in her debt.

Dinner concluded she had led her troop from her room, while we others remained to smoke, as was the custom of the establishment. A few minutes later we were joined by Mr. Luscombe, a wiry little man with sharp features, fair hair, black beard and keen, gray eyes, which seemed to include us all at a glance. The difference in color between his hair and beard gave him rather a peculiar appearance, and but for the latter he might have passed for a soldier. He introduced himself to the room generally, took a chair at the table, brought out a cigar-case, and made himself quite at home, talking freely of everything except himself, and especially of the recent murder, though he seemed to know less about it than we did.

"The fellow will never be caught," said Tom Renny, "for the police are only a set of noodles."

"That's your opinion, is it?" observed Mr. Luscombe with a smile.

"It is."

"Then, my dear sir, I don't agree with you. You young fellow are too impatient. You must give the police time."

"While he runs away! Perhaps dodges into another house to murder some one else! My advice to everybody is to look after themselves and I intend to set the example by buying a revolver."

"And shooting one of your friends!" added Mr. Luscombe, apparently absorbed in watching the smoke float up to the ceiling.

"Not at all," cried Tom, piqued at our laughter. "I am not such a fool as—as—some people."

"It's not a question of folly, my good sir," said Mr. Luscombe, good-humoredly. "When the house is in darkness, it's not easy to distinguish between a friend and a foe, and a startled man with a revolver in his hand is apt to blaze away at the one in the hope of hitting the other. If you'll take my advice, and excuse a stranger for giving it, you'll leave revolvers alone."

"As to that I shall please myself," said Tom, walking towards the door. "Good night, Jack," he called out to me, "I'm going out."

I followed him into the hall in order to expostulate with him, for he had latterly developed an alarming fondness for billiards, a most expensive taste for a junior clerk in a broker's office. Belonging to a good but poor family, he had obtained a situation through one of the world, and this I felt was a sorry beginning. Though our acquaintance dated only from his arrival at Mrs. Yate's a few months before, I had taken a great liking to the tall, powerful, handsome young fellow, whose many excellent qualities were undeniable, and whose faults were chiefly those of youth. Always exceedingly headstrong, he laughed at the remonstrances which I now addressed to him, and playfully calling me an old grandmother, he left the house.

When we went upstairs to join the ladies in the drawing-room, we found Miss Hatch performing hastily on the piano; Miss Dunne sitting in a supercilious attitude on the ottoman, and the remaining half-dozen talking round the fire. In our entrance the room became hushed, Luscombe immediately becoming the central object of the picture. Notwithstanding their thorough knowledge of the art of pumping, they got less information out of him than out of new comers generally. They tempted him with pictures of places, photographs of celebrated people, and books marked at certain passages, which were of the nature of leading questions; but with provoking skill he slipped through all these fences without leaving a shred of evidence behind. One thing alone was clear; he could talk better of current events than of the historical past.

There was a good deal of excitement when we separated for the night. Mrs. Yate, whose late husband had been in the militia, thanked her stars that she had in her room a rifle and a bayonet. Miss Dunne organized parties to search for men concealed under Beds with intent to commit murder and robbery; and finally there was a great locking of doors, followed by the silence of midnight.

As Tom Renny often paid a visit to my room before going to his own, I lay awake with the gas turned down but not out. My thoughts naturally revolved around the arrivals; for if the invalid recluse was interesting, so also was the reticent Mr. Luscombe. For many reasons I was inclined to think that the latter had risen from the ranks, and had not yet learnt to adapt himself to his altered circumstances. With regard to the former, the fact that he was to remain invisible invested him with an air of mystery. I had heard his cough very frequently while we were all on the move, and a very peculiar cough it seemed to be. But when all was quiet it ceased, so it did not apparently interfere with Mr. Jackson's sleep.

It must have been about half-an-hour later, when, feeling sure that somebody was moving swiftly and stealthily along the passage, I sat up in bed to listen. The sound died away, but was almost immediately followed by that of another footstep hurrying in the same direction. The second person stumbled over what I took to be my boots, and with a half-muttered exclamation ran on again. Throwing back the bed-clothes, I sprang to the floor, rushed to the door and opened it, just in time to see, as I thought, a figure disappear in a room at the end of the passage. About the reality of the sounds there could be no doubt. Miss Dunne had already begun to scream, and a night-capped head appeared close by, but at the sight of me withdrew shrieking. In less time than it takes to write the words, the whole house was in commotion. Doors opened and slammed; terrified questions were hurled from room to room; white faces, lighted by candles held in trembling hands, peeped over the balustrade; and a group of figures in dressing-gowns gathered on the stairs.

"There's a man in the house," Miss Dunne was crying from the safety of her room. "There is—there is; I know there is, for I heard him. Oh, murder! Oh, thieves! Police! Oh, oh!"

"A man in the house!" repeated a voice at my elbow, I turned round and saw Mr. Luscombe, scantily clad, but quite cool and self-possessed. "Where is he?"

"Ah, where is he?" demanded old Mr. Parrot coming forward undaunted by with a poker. "Though he contrives to remove his yellow night-cap, he looked a most absurd object.

And now a chorus of screams announced a new cause of alarm, which turned out to be merely the appearance of Tom Renny. In order not to disturb anybody, he had left his boots in the hall, and came upstairs in his stockings, a needless precaution in this instance.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in surprise.

"That's just what we are trying to find out, Tom," I replied.

"I expect," said Mr. Luscombe, "it's only this gentleman's entrance that has alarmed the ladies."

"Nothing of the sort," cried Mrs. Yate from the top of a bureau. "The noise was made on this floor, and not in the hall. I insist upon having the house searched from attic to basement. If you gentlemen are afraid to do it, I'll call in the police. Here, who'll take this?" She lowered a rifle with a bayonet on the end of it.

Mr. Luscombe, being the nearest, took it from her and led the way. Some of us went round the different rooms with him, the ladies following in a flock, all ready to scream and run at the slightest provocation. A more ridiculous scene I have never assisted at. The bayonet was poked under every bed in turn, but nobody was skewered, a providential circumstance which I cannot account for.

"If I had had this revolver," said Tom Renny afterwards in my room, "I would soon have settled the fellow's hash."

"Whose hash, though? There were two of them beyond all doubt. Tom, I'm morally certain they went into either or both of the rooms at the end of the passage."

"What! Why, that man Luscombe is in one and an old invalid in the other."

"I know that."

"Then looked at me very queerly. I saw that two ideas had jumped together in his mind, as they had already done in mine. But after all they amounted to very little and led to nothing, so the concurrence was not actually mentioned by either of us.

Next morning I was one of the last to enter the breakfast room. There was no excited discussion going on as I had expected; on the contrary, a strange gloom prevaled the whole party, with the solitary exception of Mr. Luscombe, who was unconcernedly sipping his coffee. More than one lady started at the sound of my approach, and looked round in evident terror. The conversation was confined entirely to whispers.

"Good morning," I said, looking round in perplexity. "You seem to be suffering from the effects of your fright last night, or has anything else happened?"

By way of answer Tom thrust into my hand a newspaper, and pointed to a paragraph on the last page. It was an advertisement emanating from the police, and offering $1,000 reward for such information as would lead to the capture of the murderer mentioned at the beginning of this narrative. And now for the sensational part of the affair; the description given by the police corresponded exactly with Mrs. Yate's description of Mr. Jackson! It was an astonishing and merciful thing, commented Miss Hatch, that we had not found our throats cut this morning.

There had been rather a warm dispute as to what should be done. Mrs. Yate, backed by the whole of her sex there present, was for the instant delivery of the malefactor, the sham invalid, into the hands of justice. But Mr. Luscombe declared that such action, based upon the mere shadow of a suspicion, would be cruel and unjust. And with him the men generally concurred.

"What about the clue the police were supposed to have?" I inquired.

"Oh, of course, it has come to nothing," replied Tom. "They arrested the wrong man yesterday and let him go again. Did you ever hear of such duffers? Mr. Luscombe, you defended them yesterday," added he, spitefully, "will perhaps defend them again."

"Mistakes occur in the best regulated families," said that gentleman, smiling, as he helped himself to the last egg, upon which Miss Hatch had evidently set her heart. "Do you never err, Tom?"

"What a rude man!" said Miss Hatch in a loud whisper, and stared angrily at the empty dish.

The servant entered with a tray for the purpose of carrying up Mr. Jackson's breakfast.

"Don't let her go, Mrs. Yate," cried Miss Dunne, frantically waving a skinny hand at the girl. "If she enters that room she will never come out alive. His blood will be upon your head."

"You see how I shall be situated," said Mrs. Yate, looking frigidly at Mr. Luscombe, a swan no longer, "if I attempt to follow your advice."

"If you'll allow me, madam," said he, rising, "I'll take up the poor old gentleman's breakfast myself."

"What, and be murdered!" shrieked Miss Dunne.

Though Mr. Luscombe smiled, his right hand instincitvely moved towards his back, only to be withdrawn in haste. Slight as the gesture was, it attracted my notice and curiosity. He was evidently prepared at the time with his back turned towards me, so I had every opportunity of observing him attentively; and I could see in his hip pocket a protuberance which seemed to be caused by the handle of a revolver. This, if correct, was certainly a strange discovery. Here was a man who had protested against another's carrying a revolver, going about with one concealed on his own person. What on earth did it mean?

However, I had no time for conjectures. I had to be in the city at ten, and it was already half-past nine, so I hurried away to catch an omnibus. Tom Renny, who accompanied me, was late for his office, but was willing to lose, of course, was for acting on the spur of the moment, and, like Mrs. Yate, wanted to deliver our mysterious boarder over to the police at once. Indeed, he was burning to make the capture single-handed.

"MR. LUSCOMBE, BEING THE NEAREST, TOOK IT FROM HER AND LED THE WAY."

On my return in the evening I found but little change in the situation, the reign of terror still continuing. Had it not been for want of means—a prevalent feature in our establishment—the house would have been deserted—at any rate by the ladies, who kept up an incessant twittering, and sat in groups facing the doors, with bells, rattles and other noisy instruments close at hand. No actual case of fainting occurred to my knowledge—to do that would have been to place one's self unreservedly at the murderer's disposal—but all carried salts-bottles and used them freely.

By repeatedly declaring his belief in Mr. Jackson's innocence, Mr. Luscombe did his utmost to bring them to a calmer frame of mind. No doubt, he said, there was some faint resemblance between the two descriptions, but what of that? He would guarantee to fetch half-a-dozen men out of the street to whom they would apply quite as well. He was certain that Mr. Jackson was what he represented himself to be—a feeble invalid. But, talk as he might, his words had very little effect; his deeds, perhaps, had rather more. I was told that he had not been out of the house all day; he had taken up Mr. Jackson's meals, and had sat with him for some hours. That he had done this without receiving any bodily injury was felt to be somewhat reassuring.

The conversation at dinner was most animated, our party being divided into two factions, one for calling in the police and the other for letting matters drift. As for myself, I was far more suspicious of Mr. Luscombe than of the mysterious boarder upstairs.

"By the way, Tom," I said, when the ladies had retired, "have you bought the revolver you were speaking about?"

"Rather it, no. I haven't had a moment to myself all day. But when I go out this evening, I think I can borrow one."

"You won't take my advice, then?" said Mr. Luscombe, cigar in hand.

"Your advice strikes me as being very singular," I interposed, watching him closely. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken, sir, you carry a revolver habitually."

His face was scarlet as he turned in his chair to stare at me. It was the first time he had shown the least sign of discomposure. But quickly recovering, he burst out laughing, and with consummate coolness produced his revolver, which, as you may imagine, created no small sensation.

"Two questions were open to me," he said, "either to require you to produce your evidence or to admit your assertion. I have chosen the latter, you see, because—well, because it doesn't matter a rap of difference."

"I call you a strange sort of person," broke out Tom indignantly.

"Perhaps I am." The impudent fellow actually winked at old Mr. Parrot.

"You would have us defenseless lest we should shoot you, but as to your shooting us, that is a horse of quite another color. Is that your game, sir?"

"Well," was the calm response, "tools in the hand of skilled workmen——"

"Nonsense," cried Tom.

"I have a letter to write," said Mr. Luscombe, rising. "When I come back, young man, I hope your temper will have cooled a bit."

A clash of tongues followed his departure, but very little was said to the point. Presently, in spite of the usual remonstrances from me, Tom left the house to play billiards, and I went upstairs to fetch a book from my own room. The passage was lighted with gas, though only very dimly and the carpet was thick enough to render my foot inaudible. Hoping to find something connected with the events of the previous night, I determined to explore.

Arriving at the door of Mr. Luscombe's room, I noticed it was ajar, and, not thinking of what I was doing, looked in. What I saw was startling enough; nothing more or less than Mr. Luscombe's beard resting on the bed. He himself was writing at the table beyond. I retired without his once discovering with prudence. This, then, accounted for the difference in color between the hair and beard, but who was the wearer? Strange! My suspicion was now directed toward Mr. Jackson, the real murderer should actually be among us in the person of Mr. Luscombe! This theory offered a rational explanation of his anxiety not to have the police called in, and also of his carrying a revolver, the very weapon with which the unfortunate old lady was supposed to have been murdered. Moreover, no allowance being made for disguise the advertised description might very well apply to Mr. Luscombe.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I was standing at the window of my room, the curtain being up and the gas not yet lighted. Looking out aimlessly I happened to notice on the opposite side of the street, a man who was watching the house. Whether by accident or design, his back was turned towards a lamp-post, so that his features were obscured. Suddenly he started and moved to a little distance, when he was joined by Mr. Luscombe, greatly to my surprise, for I had not heard him pass my door. He was wearing the black beard again, and carried a parcel and a letter, both of which he gave the stranger. After a short conversation they parted, Mr. Luscombe returning to the house. The plot was certainly thickening.

Not knowing what to do, I did nothing. When the time arrived for going to our own rooms the excitement of the previous night was repeated, Miss Dunne and her sisters displaying wonderful heroism. Miss Hatch took leave of us in a most affecting manner; with tears in her eyes she solemnly declared she was going to have her throat cut without fail. Hence I saw by evading one responsibility I had only incurred another; and consequently decided not to go to bed, so as to be ready in case any emergency should arise.

As on the previous night, Mr. Jackson's cough ceased as soon as the house became quiet, and after half-an-hour had elapsed I had turned my gas out, but on the table stood a small lamp with a shade which confined the light to the space immediately around it. Innarmchair by the side of the table I sat reading. What seemed to be an almost interminable time elapsed without incident of any sort. At length thinking that Tom might have returned without my knowing it, I looked at my watch and found it to be nearly one o'clock. Immediately afterwards there occurred a succession of startling sounds. Somebody ran rapidly along the passage; one heavy fall was closely followed by another; then came a scuffle, a sharp crack of a pistol, a cry of pain, and lastly a scream. The suddenness of the whole thing glued me to my chair, but as soon as I could collect my energies I rushed into the passage.

No words of mine could describe the panic. Miss Dunne had thrown her angular body half-way out of the window, and was imploring the police to save her, and the rest were shrieking inside their rooms. According to her own account, however, Miss Hatch had fainted at the sound; burying her head in the bed-clothes she calmly awaited her fate. I had an indistinct vision of a yellow night-capped figure as I ran past, and further along Mrs. Yate was frantically shouting through the keyhole that she was armed with a rifle and bayonet, and that it would be instant death to attempt to enter. But the interest centred in a confused heap on the ground and a tall figure standing over it.

"If either of you stir a inch," said an excited voice, which I recognized as Tom Renny's, "I'll put a bullet into his rascally head. Is that you, Jack?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then fetch a policeman, will you, while I keep guard over this thieving couple."

"But who are they?"

"That's more than I can say as yet. One of them bolted out of my room as I came up the stairs, and the other crawled out of some one where else. I fancy I have lamed one of them. Perhaps we had better have a light. Here are matches; the gas is just above your head."

By the time I had completed my task several hastily clad figures had come stealing out of their rooms and grouped themselves at a safe distance. A simultaneous cry of surprise made me turn quickly, and looking at one of the figures on the ground, I perceived it to be Mr. Luscombe. We afterwards discovered the other to be Mr. Jackson, the old invalid with the bad cough.

"Allow me to rise, sir," said Mr. Luscombe, the nonchalance of the two, but pinned down by Tom's foot which was upon his chest.

"Cool to the last!" cried Tom, scornfully. "You shall rise when a policeman comes, but not before."

"You young fool, I'm a policeman myself, I'm employed by a firm of private detectives. This man is the murderer of Mrs. ——. I've captured him, remember, and the reward is ours."

"Let him up, Tom," I said. "Whether his story is true or false, I'll take care he doesn't bolt."

When Mr. Luscombe rose to his feet, we observed a small pool of blood on the carpet. It had proceeded from a wound in Mr. Jackson's shoulder; he had been struck by Tom's bullet, but, as I proved, the injury was only slight. He was lying face downwards, quite silent and motionless; we turned him over, and found him to be insensible. But our attention was diverted from him to Tom, who was in his place for the first time. Tom staggered, and almost fell; all we could get from him were the words, "My poor brother."

In an earlier part of this narrative I have stated my intention to tell the whole truth, and with regard to Miss Dunne, about whom I was then speaking, I have nothing to retract. But Tom Renny is my friend, and in his case I am bound to be more explicit. Certain statements about his proceedings having been made to his elder brother, the owner of considerable property and a timid recluse, he had determined to investigate them without Tom's knowledge. I am happy to state that they were found to be grossly exaggerated and in many instances false, but even to mention them would be to do my friend a cruel injustice.

That Mr. Renny answered the advertised description of the murderer there can be no doubt, for he was the man who had been arrested and afterwards released. This took place on his arrival in New York. Once in the same house with his brother, he hoped to be able to get quietly into Tom's room, and—But there, I cannot tell you without disclosing too much. You see, at any rate, why he was afraid to leave the house in the day time when Tom was out of the way; and can understand how the detectives, eager for the reward which they knew would be offered, came to set their agent on his track.

Mr. Luscombe, though defeated, concealed his vexation very well. As a detective he had failed, but as a prophet he had scored a signal success, and claimed it.

"Shot your own brother, hey!" he said to Tom on leaving. "Didn't I say you would be doing something of the sort?"

"Ah, some people are wonderfully wise after the event."

"And others are never wise," returned Mr. Luscombe. And putting a cigar in his mouth he walked off smiling.

Merchant Tailoring!

Gentlemen requiring clothing to make them look cool this very hot weather, would do well to call and see

GIBSON & BALL'S

late importations of fashionable twends and serges. They make good fitting garments, and you will find the prices correct. Pants cut to make crooked legs look straight a specialty.

GIBSON & BALL

207 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

AT

HALF PRICE

Being the stock of a wholesale house giving up business.

Violins worth $30 at $15. Concertinas, Accordions, Guitars, Strings, Zithers, Bows, &c. All at ½ price.

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE

197 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

(Office of Claxton's Orchestra.)

ECONOMICAL FUEL

GAS STOVES

CALL AT

TORONTO GAS STOVE

AND SUPPLY CO.

136 KING STREET WEST

And See Full Line of

LATEST IMPROVED GAS STOVES

Suitable for all Purposes.

Dominion Stained Glass Co.

77 RICHMOND STREET WEST

Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including

Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate

Also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.

Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1476.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

40,000 in Daily Use

We give purchasers privilege of returning machine, unchanged, any time within thirty days, and, for full get chase price, if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

A LINE OF

NEW GOODS

FOR OUR CELEBRATED

$3.50 PANTS

JUST RECEIVED

SPAIN'S

TEMPLE OF FASHION,

455 Queen Street West

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

Dolly's Lesson.

When Stanhope Maldon announced his intention of marrying Dolores Rivers, there was a general outbreak of surprise. His male friends confined themselves to hinting that "though they heard the little Rivers girl had got money, yet she was a dence of a tartar; throws bootjacks and things at her father, don't you know, and used to rap her maid's knuckles with the hairbrush, 'pon my word." But his lady friends (and Stanhope Maldon had many) were much less reticent. "I tell you, Stanhope," said Lady Ermintrude Garstin, laying her hand caressingly on the handsome young fellow's arm, "that she will make your life a perfect state of torment to you. Don't you know that she has always been the most jealous creature that ever lived; that she was jealous of her father taking notice of her mother, and even of her little baby brother! Take my advice, and have nothing to do with her."

"Pooh! pooh! my dear Lady Ermintrude," replied Stanhope, with a smile, "marriage will soon cure her of that; besides, I shall never give her cause for jealousy."

"Poor innocent!" laughed the lady, "as if a jealous woman ever was at a loss to find out some reason for displaying her pet failing!"

In spite, however, of all these warnings, Stanhope Maldon married Dolores Rivers, and being a shrewd man of the world, and having a thorough knowledge of society in all its phases, he managed to steer his bark pretty cleverly through the reefs and quicksands of the matrimonial ocean. It was certainly a little annoying to him at first to catch his wife's eyes fixed upon him with a concentrated expression of feeling if he ventured to address a few words to the lady whom he had taken down to dinner, or to bend her tapping him on the arm with her fan just as he was about to glide into a waltz, and begging him to take her home at once, as she really felt too unwell to remain any longer. But with care, patience, and the exercise of the most consummate diplomacy, he contrived, if not entirely to cure, at any rate to mitigate this domestic affliction.

As a preliminary step he suddenly affected an utter distaste for town gaieties and an ardent desire for country seclusion. With this end in view he rented a large rambling old house in the depths of Marlshire, entirely beyond visiting distance of any of the county people, and there he gave himself up to all the delights of a country existence, hunting, shooting, and fishing with the greatest assiduity; and it must be confessed, leaving Dolly a great deal more to herself than she cared for.

She was madly jealous of his dogs and horses, and even old Bill Summers, his keeper, but she was a sensible little woman in spite of her failing, and she knew that if she betrayed her feelings she would only be laughed at, and this was a thing that Dolly could not abide.

There were times when she fancied that these frequent absences of her husband only masked some intrigue, and though she hated any exertion, yet she would scour the country in her pony chaise, hoping to catch the delinquent in some of his disreputable haunts; but all her efforts were attended with no success. At last Stanhope's treatment seemed to have worked a perfect cure, for Dolly began to listen with patience when anyone else was praised by her husband, and, curiously enough, took into her service an exceedingly pretty girl named Amy Thistleton, the daughter of one of the small farmers on the estate. She could hardly have made a worse choice, for old Thistleton had once seen better days, and Amy had been for three quarters at a fashionable school in Dullborough, the chief town of the county, where she had had her head filled with all sorts of "ridiculous romance about cottage maidens subjugating high-born nobles and ending their days in splendor and a castle. She entered Mrs. Maldon's service in the hope that, sooner or later, that lady would grow tired of her seclusion and return to town, where Amy felt sure that her fascinations would ensnare the heart of some landed lordling, or at any rate, captivate the heir of a wealthy banker. She was an innate coquette, and took every opportunity of throwing herself in handsome Stanhope Maldon's way, who (when his wife was not present) would tap her rosy cheek, and tell her that if she ever went up to London, she would have a host of admirers. Strange to say, Dolly did not experience any feelings of distrust regarding her husband and her new maid. Whether it was that the inherent vice of her disposition had been almost eradicated, or that she considered Amy to be too utterly beneath her ever to excite the pangs of jealousy, will ever remain an open question. Certain it is that she betrayed fewer and fewer signs of her old complaint, and Stanhope, who was utterly tired of his enforced banishment, began to fancy that she was completely cured. He longed for his quiet nestle in the smoking-room of his club, for the lounge in the Row, for the visit to the theater, and the occasional trips to Greenwich or Richmond, and the cosy little dinners that followed thereon.

Mrs. Maldon, too, felt that life was not worth living in a place where her most brilliant toilettes did not excite so much comment as the new scarecrow that Farmer Giles had put up in the four-acre field, and wished herself back in the artistically-furnished bijou residence in South Kensington, which six months before she had quitted with so little regret.

"Shall we go back to town, Dolly?" asked Stanhope, as he yawned furtively behind yesterday's *Times* at the breakfast table.

"Oh, that would be nice," answered his wife. "I am sure I am heartily sick of Marlshire and all its inhabitants; and what pleasure you can find in riding behind a pack of yelping dogs after a nasty fox, pulling gasping fish out of the water with a cruel hook, or riddling poor birds with shot, I am at a loss to conjecture."

"Well, then," said Stanhope, smiling at his *resume* of his pursuits, "suppose we do go up to town; but mind, Dolly, we can't give people the cold shoulder always, and if we live in town you mustn't be jealous of every woman I speak to or every man I go out with."

"I won't," answered Dolly, rising from her seat, and, coming over to her husband's chair at the table, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. "I've been an awful little fool, Stanhope," she continued, "but I'll change for the future. Let us go up to town and live happily for the rest of our lives."

"Very well, little woman," replied Stanhope, placidly. "London let it be, then, and if I have to be out a little I will leave you someone to go about with, for my old chum, Herbert Rallingham, has just come back from the Soudan, and I will ask him to stay with us for a time."

"What, the Herbert Rallingham!" asked Mrs. Maldon. "The special correspondent who told Lord Worsted what he ought to do and led on the British arms to victory!"

"Well, I don't know whether he quite did all that," answered Stanhope, with an amused smile; "but, at any rate, it is Herbert Rallingham, the correspondent."

"Oh, that will be delightful," cried Dolly, clapping her hands. "When may I begin to pack up?"

"To-day, if you like," answered her husband. "By the way, Dolly, I would not advise you to take that maid of yours up to town. She seems rather a flighty sort of a party, and may give you some trouble."

"What, Amy! Oh, Stanhope, she has got so into my ways that I should miss her dreadfully. I really can't part with her."

"Have your own way, then," returned her husband, rising to leave the room, "but if you take my advice you'll leave her down here."

"Strange," mused Dolly, as soon as she was left alone; "strange that he should want to separate me from Amy; he must have had some object in it. No, thank you, Mr. Maldon, I'll keep my maid under my own eye, if you please."

A week later the Maldons were comfortably settled in their own house, and ten days afterwards Herbert Rallingham became their guest.

Rallingham was a handsome fellow, his features bronzed by the Eastern sun, a fair moustache hung over a pair of lips that were almost constantly parted with a pleasant smile. He had a charming manner and a soft, half-indolent way which went a great way with the fair sex. He was courteous and polished, and would talk upon any subject except himself, a rare and uncommon trait in a special correspondent.

Mrs. Maldon and he were soon bosom friends, and they were seen so much together that Society began to nod and smile a little; and whilst the ladies began to speak of Stanhope as "Poor Mrs. Maldon, the man would furtively ask each other in quiet smoking-rooms, "What that ass Stanhope was about?" For once, however, Society was wrong, for the friendship between the lady and the gentleman was perfectly platonic, and though they both liked and respected each other, no guilty thought had ever marred the pleasure of their intercourse.

In a brief space, however, these pleasant days came to an end, for the chambers which Rallingham had taken in the Temple were now ready for him, and after a mournful farewell he left the hospitable home of his friend to take possession of them.

Some four days after Rallingham's departure, Mrs. Maldon, on awaking, was surprised at not finding Amy standing by her bedside with the accustomed cup of chocolate. After waiting some little time she rang her bell violently. It was answered by one of the under-housemaids, who, upon being sent to Amy's room, returned with the intelligence that the abigail was absent, and that her bed had not been slept in, whilst her box was standing packed and corded ready for immediate dispatch. Much exercised in her mind, Mrs. Maldon completed her dressing without assistance, and, hurrying downstairs to the dining-room, asked for her husband. The pompous butler informed her that Mr. Maldon had stepped out about an hour ago, and had not yet returned. "Very well, leave the room," replied Dolly, and then, casting herself into an arm-chair, she exclaimed, "I see it all. Now I know why the perfidious wretch wanted me to leave Amy in the country; all he wished was to get her away from me, and now he has gone off with her and made me a public laughing-stock."

Maddened by the picture that she had conjured up, Dolly paced up and down the room like an enraged lioness. A slight noise behind her attracted her attention, and, turning sharply round, she saw that her husband had entered the room, and was standing close to her. "You villain!" cried Dolly, maddened with passion, "where is Amy?"

"What! you know about her," stammered Stanhope, visibly embarrassed.

"Know about her! Yes, of course I do, and I wonder how you dare show your face here again."

"Look here, Dolly," answered Stanhope, eagerly, "you are quite on the wrong scent. I—"

But the infuriated woman would listen to him no longer. "Dastardly liar!" cried she, and, snatching a heavy water goblet from the sideboard, she dashed it at his head. Fortunately it struck the gaselier and broke, but one of the fragments reached Stanhope on the cheek, causing the blood to flow.

"I will not attempt any further explanation," said he, with calm dignity. "Perhaps when you have mastered your temper you will explain this outrageous conduct," and, staunching the blood with his handkerchief, he left the room.

"I will never live with him again," sobbed Dolly. "I will go home to my father; but I feel too ill to go alone. Who can I get to take me! Ah! I have it. Herbert will do it for me."

To dress herself, to walk out of the house and to call a hansom, telling the cabman to drive to the Temple, was with Dolly but the work of a few minutes. As soon as she arrived she flung money to the driver, and flying upstairs hammered upon the closed oak of Herbert Rallingham's chambers. But no Herbert Rallingham was there. After repeated knockings a shock-headed imp of a lad appeared on the scene and volunteered the information that Master Rallingham 'ad drove away in a 'ansum cab with a young woman, the description of whom tallied only too well with that of Amy Thistleton, and a truth flashed across Dolly's mind like a thunderbolt that Amy had run away with Rallingham, and Stanhope's innocence in the matter stood before her like a reproaching spirit.

* * * * * * *

"Permit me to offer you my arm and take you home," said Stanhope Maldon, approaching up the crooked staircase, "and now, perhaps, he added as he handed her into a four-wheeled cab and stepped in after, "you will see how much you have wronged me."

"I will never be jealous again, Stanhope," said the little woman piteously. And she kept her word.

Herbert Rallingham soon accepted another mission to some far distant land, and Amy, who seems to have discovered an El Dorado, has started a very pretty Victoria and pair, and appears to have an extensive circle of acquaintances, chiefly of the male sex.

In Search of His Wife.

An oldish man with a worried look on his face entered the Trumbull avenue station the other day, says the Detroit *Free Press*, and asked if a certain named woman was a prisoner there. When assured she was he continued:

"Well, she's my wife, and I called to tell you that she's very sensitive, and to ask you not to injure her feelings."

"Oh, we shan't hurt her feelings," replied the sergeant.

"I'm glad of it. You never saw any one so sensitive. If one of you should go to her cell door and call out: 'Well, old slouch, how do you feel?' it would take her a week to get over it."

"Nothing of the sort will be said."

"Thanks. Don't let anybody make faces at her, or ask her how she likes it as far as she has gone."

"No."

"And I hope no one will yell out at her: 'Ah! there, Nancy, but it's sixty days this time!' She awfully sensitive."

"No one shall yell at her."

"Thanks. Please don't swear in her presence."

"No."

"And don't call 'Whoa Emma!' at her."

"No."

"Just touch your hat to her, same as to any lady, and let her suppose you think she had sunstroke. She's very, very sensitive, and I want to spare her feelings."

Two Views of It.

Sweet Girl Graduate (finishing valedictory—And to you, dear teachers, our hearts will ever go out in warmest love and most grateful remembrance. You have made us what we are; you have smoothed out for us the rough places on the road to the Hill of Knowledge; you have been our educational parents, watching us with solicitude, rejoicing in our successes, and sympathizing with us in our failures. Dear teachers, we bid you a tearful adieu!

Same Girl (next day)—Yes, indeed, I'm through school, and it I ain't glad I never was glad over anything, you can just bet your sweet life! I just think they have the horriest set of teachers in that school imaginable. Can't imagine where they got them from. Must have had 'em made to order. And they are all crosser than ever just before commencement. You've right I'm glad it's all over, and my education is finished. Let's go and get some ice cream!

Dinner at Home, Sweet Home.

Bunker (at dinner table)—Strangest thing happened, my love, to-day. I met Charlie Blazer.

Mrs. Bunker—Charlie Blazer! Well, I never did. Just take your elbows off the table. What did he have to say! More coffee!

Bunker—Half cup. We talked about old times and—Thomas don't rattle your fork on your plate. He said—

Mrs. B.—Mame, leave the room if you can't keep quiet. Is he living in Boston yet!

Bunker—No; he moved to—Tom, see who's at the door, and if it's a beggar tell him 'no'—to Portland, and he thinks he will—

Mrs. B.—Mercy on us! Kate, do be careful. You nearly put out baby's eye with your finger. So glad to hear it. Did you tell him—

Tom—Man with ton of coal.

Bunker—Must be a mistake; tell him to try next door. I told Charlie—

Mrs. B.—Excuse me, dear. I hear Mrs. Battles calling me over the back fence.

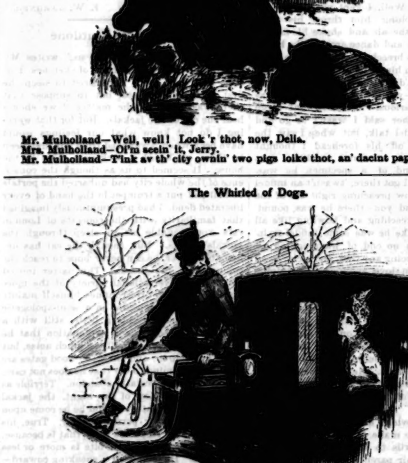
Bunker (with energy)—If I ever try to tell a story again I— (Chokes on his coffee and subsides.)

Sizing Him Up.

"How much is my bill?" said a Western man to a clerk of the Hoffman House in New York. The guest had been in the house two days.

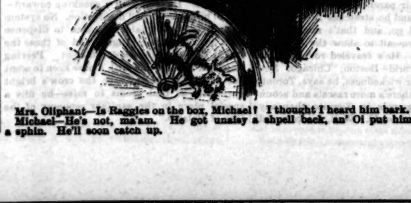
"Fifty dollars," was the reply.

"Guess sag'in, you — hog," returned the Westerner. "I've got more money than that."



That Last Park Acquisition.

Mr. Mulholland—Well, well! Look 'r thot, now, Delia.
Mrs. Mulholland—Oi'm sein' it, Jerry.
Mr. Mulholland—Think av th' city owntn' two pigs loike thot, an' dacint paple shtarvin'!



The Whirled of Dogs.

Mrs. Oliphant—Is Raggles on the box, Michael! I thought I heard him bark.
Michael—Yes, mum, he got, mum. He got uneasy a shpell back, an' Oi put him aff for a bit av a sphin. He'll soon catch up.

Original Value, Present Prices.

WE CAN ONLY NOTE A FEW LINES THAT ARE BROUGHT AWAY DOWN IN OUR

Millinery, Mantle and Costume Departments.

BONNETS AND HATS that will suit you to a charm. Original price, $15.00; present price, $7.50. Another specialty, $8.50 Hats for $5.50—equal reduction in all other lines. A marvel of cheapness is that 25c. line of Hats in all the newest shapes.

JET AND LACE DOLMANS AND VISITES—Original price, $10.50; present, $7.50.

TRAVELING WRAPS—Original price, $10; present, $7.50

LUSTRE DUSTERS—Original price, $4.00; present $2.50. Every intermediate line equally reduced, up to our $25 silk goods, which we now offer for $15.

CREAM LACE COSTUMES—Original price, $8.50; present, $6.50.

NAVY SEAL AND FAWN COSTUMES—Original price, 9.00; present, 6.50.

Every Costume we have now left, being sacrificed These immense bargains can be had only at the old reliable house,

THE GOLDEN LION,

R. WALKER & SONS, 33 TO 37 KING STREET EAST.

X THE WALL PAPERS AT McCAUSLAND'S ARE CHARMING AND CHEAP X

72 TO 76 KING ST. W.

TORONTO

TEL 1142

THOMAS MOFFATT

FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES

A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class

195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL

Only $11.10 Toronto to New York

VIA THE ERIE RAILWAY.

Parties visiting New York can save money by our steamship company will save time and money by taking the Erie Railway, as they will land you at the foot of Chambers and Twenty-third streets and close to all conveniences whereby The only line running Pullmans from Suspension Bridge to New York.

Telephone 944

MARSLAND & KENNEDY

FAMILY GROCERS

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

285 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Fine wines for medicinal purposes a specialty

JOHN LABATT, London, Ont.
JAMES GOOD & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877; and Paris, 1878.

Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavor and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, in every respect fit for a first beverage. I have also analyzed the 'Porter, XXX Stout, of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable it is a tonic more energetic than the above ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH

DENTISTS

have removed from 51 King street east to 171 Yonge street, over the Imperial Bank; entrance on Queen street, east. Office hours: A. H. Cheesbrough, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; A. W. Spaulding, 1 to 5 p.m., during the session of the Dental School.

CHERRY MANTELS,

MAHOGANY MANTELS,

WALNUT MANTELS,

OAK MANTELS.

The Best Houses in Toronto fitted up with

MILLICHAMP'S MANTELS

SHOWROOMS:

31 Adelaide Street East, City.

$1,000 GIVEN AWAY

Our Grand Distribution of free presents of Silver Cruets, Pickles, Clocks, Glassware, etc., will take place on Thursday, 23th, Friday, 29th, Saturday, 30th June, 1888.

$1,000 IN PRIZES

And all holding five 1 lb. vouchers will participate.

$300 IN PRIZES

All holding one 1 lb. voucher will participate. In addition to regular vouchers we will issue bonus checks to be given to our customers, and those who may purchase our Tea and Coffees.

JOHN McINTOSH

Importer Choice Teas

281 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE ART OF HAIR-DRESSING

and the making of false Hair Goods are still far behind old Europe on this continent. Few ladies understand or comprehend the difference of fine finished Hair Goods, because they never had a chance of knowing the difference. Many ladies who have been in Europe, and have seen the difference of the finished hand and of the Art of Hair-Dressing, were disappointed in coming back and not having the same chance. But now, since Frankie-Armand Ladies' Fashionable Hair-Dresser, of Paris, France, has opened a hair store and a ladies hair-dressing department, 407 Yonge street, Toronto, the ladies will have the same chance of getting fine finished Hair Goods, or of having their hair dressed in any style, as they had in Paris or London. Ladies hair cutting, singeing, shampooing, just like across the ocean. Fringes, Waves, Switches, Wigs, ready at hand, or will be made to order on shortest notice; also gentlemen's Toupees and Wigs. Hair ornaments of the latest styles. Depot of English-Franco-American perfumes. Everything for beautifying the hair, skin and hands. Watch chains and flowers made out of hair. Hair bleached and dyed in any color or shade.

TAKE NOTICE OF

ARMAND HAIR STORE

407 Yonge st., 407, close to Y.M.C.A. Building, Toronto.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $5.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.

(LATE OF R. HAY & CO.)

95 & 97 Yonge St., Toronto

New Styles for the Spring Trade

IN ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

TO FINE CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY WORK

Our new line of coverings now arriving will embrace all the latest styles and fashionable shades.

WE INVITE COMPARISON

95 & 97 Yonge Street, Toronto

FASHIONABLE

DRESSMAKING

Handsome display of latest New York styles on view. Will be pleased to have you call and inspect my work.

MME. McCORMACK, 264 Sherbourne St.

LATE OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

EVERYBODY READS BIRTH MARRIAGE DEATH ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THE MAIL

THE MAIL, TORONTO, CANADA

CIRCULAR FREE

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE TORONTO

PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING

Telephone No. 1255.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, JULY 14, 1888. [No. 35

A Popular Mistake.

A great many people suppose that editing a weekly newspaper is a very easy task, and are apt to congratulate the editor on having a great deal nicer time than the one who conducts a daily. Of course, if it be a weekly paper of the old time sort, with no attempt at novelty, entertainment, or originality, the popular conception is correct. Plenty of daily journalists joke their country brethren on the ease of conducting a country weekly, but if they tried the task they would find it a mighty hard one with the offices of business manager, advertising agent and collector tacked on their editorial duties. The work on a daily paper is divided into departments, and there is plenty of assistance, while the news of the day supplies a sufficiency of topics for the editorial writer.

On a weekly such as SATURDAY NIGHT an editor—with perhaps an assistant, and some correspondents—has to do all the work and it is difficult to avoid repetition of what has already been said a half-a-dozen times by the daily papers. In his clippings the editor must select such matter as will not probably appear in his daily contemporaries before his paper is issued. This is no easy task. The selection must be made almost a week in advance. The same material is accessible to the papers which appear every day, and with half-a-dozen in the town, and twice as many editors, all of them on the alert for suitable editorial subjects, there is not always much left for the editor of a weekly to write about. Not only is this true, but much more careful writing is expected, and more entertaining matter absolutely necessary to make a weekly paper popular, than is required in a daily. If the average in the weekly is not as good or better than the daily, the former will find no place. Of course a weekly can take special lines and adapt itself to the family and the home, while the dailies cater largely for the men-folks, and devote a large amount of attention to business matters. Still, daily papers, nowadays, are fond of having departments of all sorts, and the weekly, to be valuable and readable, is forced to purchase a large amount of original and expensive matter. The paper must be finer, the printing better, the proof-reading perfect, the illustrations incomparably superior, and in fact, as the esteemed reader will clearly observe, the problem of making a city weekly successful, is by no means easy, though it is one that SATURDAY NIGHT has apparently solved, even if it has taken a vast deal of labor and money to accomplish it.

The Whirlpool Crank.

Another good man has gone wrong, or rather another foolish one has received his due reward. Flack the whirlpool man has tested his boat and his death has left a mint of self-congratulations to the "I told you so's."

If report be true, however, Flack, whilst undoubtedly a foolhardy man, did not belong to the lowest rung of climbers who essay the ladder of fame. There was a purpose, and one not altogether to be despised in his fatal effort last week. The self-righting boat that he had patented, would, if his trip had been successful, have been a fortune to himself, and a boon to shipwrecked humanity on our eastern shores.

But the authorities should put a stop to all this. The man who goes through the rapids in a barrel benefits no one, and demonstrates nothing of practical value to the community. Capt. Webb's effort proved plainly enough that if a stout-hearted, powerful swimmer ever does succeed in clearing a passage through the whirl of waters in the lower rapids it is only luck—pure luck—which will have brought him through, and the chances are a thousand to one that the myrtle will crown the next who shall strive for the laurels of this fatal pass.

The State authorities on the eastern bank and the Provincial Government on the western side should take the matter in hands. It is to be feared the local powers are directly and indirectly interested in these affairs. The railway companies reap a profitable harvest in the large number of passengers from the surrounding country. Hotels, saloons, and the various stores in the villages on either bank, benefit by these things, and to such people the sudden summoning of a mortal soul to meet its Maker, is a matter of little or no importance as compared with the raking in of dollars and cents. As far as Canada is concerned, the Ontario Government should put a stop to all these attempts at self-murder. As we have remarked before, humanity gains nothing by such efforts, even if successful, and of success, we are more than dubious. The Stygian river acknowledged Charon only, and the rapids of Niagara know but one ferryman—Death.

The International Match of 1888.

The International Cricket Match of 1888 has been won and lost, with the Americans as the parties of the first part, and Canada, a long way in the rear, as the regretful exemplifiers of the party of the part which is second.

It is useless, and withal unmanly, to deny the fact that our own men were beaten at all points. The most unremitting efforts fail to find a loophole of escape from this conclusion.

In batting, fielding and bowling the visitors put our men to shame and confusion. The charge of "blue funk" fails to apply, however, to the Canadians. Each member of the team has had too much experience in first class matches here, in the States and in England, to be troubled with that species of nervousness which is known in cricketer's parlance as "blue funk." It was simply one of those cases where previous practice, combined play and superior tactics carried all before them.

It may be admitted, however, that one very material advantage had been secured by the American team before the line had been crossed on their way here. We refer to the larger amount of practice the southern men have been enabled to take as compared with our people whose season commences some six weeks later than that of the Americans. Remembering this we think a return to the old system will be the fairer course to pursue in the future, that is—have the match played in the latter part of August or the commencement of September.

We have no sympathy with those who have nothing but taunts for the men who lose. That our team did not show the work that is in them will deny, but the members have assuredly done their best, and although the best wasn't much this year, they are still entitled to our thanks, as the representatives of Canada, for the time and effort given to the cause of cricket. "It is generally the unexpected which happens," says the Frenchman—Canada expected her team to win the International Match of 1888—and it didn't.

The Sandwich Man.

The sandwich-man is always an object of pity and commiseration with us, as he plods along the street with an advertising board in front and behind him. The fact of his being in that capacity implies a previous failure in the struggle of Life, and assuredly if any further evidence were needed, his appearance is ample corroboration of the fact. Labor that is honest is noble, but labor has its degrees. In the lowest rank in the order is the sandwich-man. Whether it is that the occupation lacks the intellectual labor of the professional man, the busy brain and the cunning fingers of the artificer, and falls short of the thews and sinews that lend dignity to the manlier branches of occupation, we know not; all we do know is that in the onward march of labor the sandwich-man is relegated to the rear amongst the sick and wounded who have fallen by the way.

And assuredly, in the majority of cases, he has been sick, and has fallen by the way. There are men in the ranks of those who march between the boards, whom we feel, instinctively, have been bad from the beginning and are hopeless for the future. Such are irredeemable. We may raise them, or attempt to raise them, again and again, but they only sink the deeper after each effort. Such have been worthless members of the community since the hour which gave them birth. The evil in such natures has doubtless been fostered by the unholy surroundings of the whisky dive, jail bird companions and the utter absence of anything that is wholesome or pure.

For these men, the sentiments of pity and sympathy are not actively exercised—we rather regret the conditions which have been their surroundings from the first.

But we cannot withhold that claim on our sympathy and pity which is mutely brought to our notice in the languid step and hopeless expression of those unfortunate ones who still bear the battered remnants of former respectability in this last effort to earn an honest livelihood. With such we feel, instinctively, that unfortuitous circumstances, or it may be the utter lack of all capacity for making headway in the struggle for existence, have been the principle factors in bringing about this reduced and pitiable condition. Many of these are still capable of filling higher positions, but unhappily everything is almost hopelessly ranged against them. Employers invariably and very naturally prefer younger men, and the elderly mariner who has been wrecked on the shoals and rocks of misfortune finds himself in the evening of life glad enough to eke out a disappointed existence in the ranks of the sandwich-men. Despise him not altogether, O reader, for what he is, for remember that this is his last effort to make an honest livelihood and forget not that humble as his condition is, it is preferable to be an honest sandwich-man than to be an unconvicted rogue, even though the latter may be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously day by day.

Some there are in the ranks who have hardly a desire to rise from their surroundings. The material future is nought to them, *their* bout has sped, and the mark have been missed; the old friends have gone; wife, children, and all that makes life dear to men has passed away, leaving the wreck of a long departed manhood to plod sullenly on until life suddenly becomes unendurable, and a blood stained railway track, and fractured skull are all semblance of humanity tell only too surely the frequent end of the sandwich-man.

Mizpah.

"The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

A broad gold band engraven
With word of Holy Writ—
A ring, the bond and token
Which love and prayer hath lit,
When absent from each other
O'er mountain, vale and sea,
The Lord, who guarded Israel,
Keep watch 'twixt me and thee.

Through days of light and gladness,
Through days of love and life,
Through smiles, and joy, and sunshine,
Through days with beauty rife;
When absent from each other,
O'er mountain, vale and sea,
The Lord of love and gladness,
Keep watch 'twixt me and thee.

Through days of doubt and darkness,
In fear and trembling breath;
Through mists of sin and sorrow
In tears and grief and death—
The Lord of life and glory,
The King of earth and sea,
The Lord, who guarded Israel,
Keep watch 'twixt me and thee.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of piety than any other; but the divine plan is to bring faith into activity and exercise.—*Cecil.*

The Route Boy Papers.

NO. IV.

WAS over to the Queen's Park Sunday morning. It's immense over there. At one end of the park, where we go in, there's a vacant lot—kind of a field, and there were three horses there rolling over and over on the grass, and having a good old Sunday time. I guess they wouldn't mind it Sunday came oftener. Then there were two brown cows further on, lying down chewing their cud and waving their ears, and whisking the flies off with their tails. I chucked a couple of peas I had in my pocket, at them, but they just wagged their ears and kept chawin' away. I had a lovely lay out under an oak tree; oh, a bully fellow! I'm sure he ain't a bit less'n a hundred years old. My! but it was nice to lie there among the grass and see the blue peeping through the holes in the branches, and the leaves all whizzing and whispering over a fellow's head, and hear the birds call "Chippet, chippet, chippet! hew, hew, hew!" from the tree tops, and the answer coming back from the University "hew-ew-ew-ee! hew-ew-ee!" And in the grass, crickets, grasshoppers, and all sorts of things glancing about—"Chirk-chirk-chirk! wee-wee! Gracious! I never knew the earth was half so much alive before. And the ants! shoals of 'em. They put me in mind of that story I read about Gulliver and the Lilliputians, the way they overran me and made tunnels of my sleeves and my pant legs. Jerusalem! and every one of them most as big as a bumble bee.

Was talking to a little kid over there, a wee bit of a coon only about ten years old. He was that tired he couldn't hardly stand up. He's a cash boy in a cheap dry goods store, and he works every day from eight in the morning till six at night, and on Saturday nights till ten and more. He can't never get to school 'cause his father's dead and his mother's a widow, and he's got to go and earn a dollar. The poor little cuss! A dollar a week for nine hours a day, and fourteen hours on Saturday! I'd look sick! His boss is a terrible good man though, terrible religious. Great gun in the church I cum by this morning, when I heard 'em singing Nearer My God to Thee.

His cousin was with him and another two kids and their father. His cousin's a girl. A pretty little thing, but awful clever. She's eleven years old. Her mother said if she got a prize at school she would give her a fifty cent parasol. She told me she got the prize all right, but her mother didn't see how she'd be able to get the parasol cause you see her father's just a dollar and a quarter a day, and there was one rainy day that he couldn't work, so that was a dollar and a quarter off, and it was the rent week too, and by the time the rent was paid there wasn't hardly enough left for meat and groceries, let alone parasols. But her mother was bound to keep her word, she would get that parasol or bust. So she said if Nellie would hold the baby and make her father's dinner and send Johnny with it on time, and clean up, and mind the house, she'd go and get her parasol. And bedad she did! She went and housecleaned for Miss What-yer-call-um in the big house over there, and she got the parasol and fifty cents to the good. I tell ye, Nellie was a howling swell with that parasol in the Park Sunday.

It was just lovely! I lay there on my back with all the insects weke-weke-ing and humming in my ears, and the breeze sighing and sighing and sighing through the trees, soft, just like it knew it was shady and easy; and I was kind of half snoozing like, when I thought I saw through my half-shut eyes a figure standing up on the band stand away off. Then I heard a coarse, barking, dot-and-carry-one kind of shouting, a sharp, barking, snapping kind of scolding, and I thinks to myself—hello! this must be the infidel that I hear preaches in the park. The fellow that said there was no man under the sun he could trust with five cents, and broke his stick over a boy's back 'cause he thought he was the fellow that was fooling with his coat-tails, when it wasn't the same boy at all. Well, I kept peeping at the fellow and watching him throw his arms around and saw the air and shake his fists in the people's faces and dance around like he'd a bumble bee in his breeches. He'd double clean up and straighten himself out again quicker'n winking, and he'd yell—glory! you ought to hear him yell!—you'd think somebody was doing him up serious. I didn't want to go over, 'cause mother said I wasn't to go and listen to no infidel talk, but when I saw the fellow mopping off his forehead I thought I'd go and have a squint at him, just to see what kind of a specimen he was. Hedges! When I got there, 'twasn't an infidel at all, but a fellow preaching right out of the Bible! And mind you—there he was, pounding away and screeching and howling like all possessed, just like he was some infidel trypin' to stuff us with no end of humbugging rot about there not being any God, and sich, 'stead of speaking about love and peace, and doing good on the sly, and all that.

Ye know Bill Smith told me all about the infidel. He keeps a little grocery store with a loaf o' bread and a peck o' potatoes, and he told the folks that the Sermon on the Mount was bad advice, and the man that took that advice was a fool, and he wouldn't trust no man in this world five cents. He yelled that every man should have his own religion, and a fellow sings out, "What are you preachin' your's here for then?" Bill told me—he says—"Who's old Howland anyway? He wants to get up money to make a 'tobojein' slide for these young devils to tear their clothes to pieces on, an' their parents owin' me a grocery bill *that long*"—and he stretches his arms out as far as they'll go, and that's mighty good measure, I tell ye—all to show the length of the grocery bill. He's traveled round all the cities in the world—Boston, Chicago, New York, etc., but for wickedness, he says, Toronto takes the cake—there's more rascals and scoundrels and blackguards in Toronto than anywhere else in the world. Well, ye know, all the time he's holding forth like this, a fellow was laughing, and, says he, "There's a fellow laughin' I got arrested not long ago." "Never was arrested in my life," says the fellow. "You was; I got you arrested for annoying me," says the infidel, and all the time you ought to hear his grammar, he just puts me in mind of some of our school trustees, when they're giving us lots of good advice and saying, "It's remarkable how so-and-so *has rose*." Well, some of the men sang out that he would be arrested if he didn't dry up his lies—and he did dry up too, afore long. What was making the fellow laugh was a broken branch of a young tree that somebody had stuck on to the tail of his coat, and there he was, swinging his arms round like a wind-mill, and squaring up at all creation, and blackguarding Toronto, and bawling that Christ was a fraud, and everybody who believed in Him were fools, and nobody knew what was right, only freethinkers; and denouncing the getting up of that "tobojein" for us small "devils" to slide down on in winter. Gore! he made Bill weary. Bill said the only thing that kept up his spirits was to see that branch going wiggetty-wag, look at me tag, at the end of his coat-tail, all the time he was holding forth, till he gave an extra jerk and round it swang to the front. Jerusalem! maybe he didn't glare. He stopt short never to go again; forgot all about what he was going to say, and stood for a minute with his neck twisted, taking a bird's-eye view of that there branch, and then he reached round and jerked his coat-tail out of the cleft o' the stick and got down and glared so fierce, that Bill's cousin, a little timid coon, got frightened, and ran—and the old infidel after him with the stick, foaming mad; and he caught him and broke the stick clear over his back, and he never done nothing to deserve it, mind ye! That's the way infidels put their preachin' into practice. Yeh don't catch *that* chicken taking little children upon his knees and kissing them, or blessing them either—you'd better believe.

You just mark my words now—there's going to be a big funeral at the Union Station one of these days. Sure's death, really and truly, I thought I'd got 'em bad 'tother morning about four o'clock, when I went down to leave a paper there. I was at the foot o' Simcoe, pretty near the track, when I wondered what ailed the road atween the track. It was all moving and running up and down in gray waves, and then when I cum nearer I saw long whip-cord tails wiggling everywhere. Hedges and ditches! the whole o' that road was solid rats! Rats! shoals and nations of them! waves o' rats! billows of 'em! flooding the whole station. And they aint a bit scared of you neither, I had to fire half a ton of rocks among them afore I could get across, and then the hair of my head kept standing straight on end till I got through and out of that station. You'll see that same edifice will be tumbling down about their ears one of these fine day, for the rats gnaw the posts and tunnel holes all through the foundations—and if the Grand Trunk don't make an appropriation for Rough on Rats next time they don't declare a dividend, the rats will very soon make it rough for them, and don't you forget it.

ROUTE BOY.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

In your Route Boy Papers of Saturday last you are rather ungenerous to "the big boarding house on Front street," as in referring to what was really a most intolerable stench, you imply that it arose from my premises, thereby reflecting upon my duties both as a citizen and landlord; whereas the cause—the putrid carcass of a large dog—was not on my grounds at all, but on one of the next lots nearer to York street, and as these lots were sold to different parties and not fenced off it was almost impossible to discover who was responsible for its removal; and although the health department was notified and a letter inserted in the *Mail*, it remained there three or four days till I finally got it removed.

I merely send you this for the purpose of showing you that I was not, as you unintentionally infer, derelict in my responsibilities of citizenship in maintaining the same atmosphere of cleanliness that I would like to see on the premises of every other person. I remain,

Respectfully yours,
130 Front street west. E. W. GARDNER.

London Cats Outdone.

"Kind friends had warned us," writes Mr. Bamford in his recent volume of sketches, Turbans and Tails, "ere we retired to sleep the first night in Calcutta, not to suppose that there was anything the matter if we should hear the cry of the jackals. But for that warning I do not know what our feelings would have been when, awakened from our first sleep by them, we heard a pack pass close to the house. It seemed to us as though the conscience of the whole city had unbarred the portals of hell and put a trumpet in the hand of every infernal fiend. I had presumptuously imagined that familiarity with the concerts of London cats would enable me to sleep through the jackals' efforts. But, though the cat has undeniable power, he can never hope to reach the top-notes of the jackal. This latter indeed lacks the conversational variety of the more domestic animal. He confines himself mainly to one tune, which begins in a semi-apologetic low note, then ascends a little, still with a suspicion of apology and explanation that he did not mean to make quite so much noise, he could not help it; and then the flood gates are open, and, seeming to say that he does not care, he yells with an ecstatic abandon. Terrible as 'a wandering voice' of the night, the jackal appears a poor creature should he be come upon in his own proper person by day. True, his teeth are to be respected; but that is because, like all carrion-feeders, his bite is more or less poisonous. He is himself a sneaking coward—useful however beyond description. No system of drainage will enable Calcutta to dispense with its natural scavengers, and of these the jackal is among the most efficient. Peering into dark corners, and with a nose keen to scent out what has escaped even the crow's bright eye—little as that seems to miss—he fills a special place in the sanitary economy of the City of Palaces."

On Divers Strings.

The Old Tramp Printer.

Here's a rhyme to the old tramp printer that as long as he lives will roam,
Whose "card" is his principal treasure, and where night overtakes him, home;
Whose shoes are run over and twisty, whose garments are shiny and thin,
And who takes a bunk in the basement when the pressman lets him in.

It is true there are some of the tramers that only the Angel of Death,
When he touches them with the sickle, can cure of the "spiritusous breath,"
And that some of their fellow trampers are shunned as unwholesome scamps;
And that some are just aimless, homeless, restless, typographical tramps.

But the most of them are surely worthy of something akin to praise,
And have drifted down to the present out of wholesomer, happier days;
And where (though his looks be as seedy as ever a mortal wore)
Will you find the old tramper minus his marvelous funds of lore?

What paper hasn't he worked on? Whose manuscript hasn't he set?
What story worth remembrance was he ever known to forget?
What topics rise for discussion in letters, science or art
That the genuine old tramp printer cannot grapple and play his part?

It is true that you will sometimes see him when the hue that adorns his nose
Outrivals the crimson flushes that the peony flaunts at the rose;
It is true that much grime he gathers in the course of each trip he takes,
Inasmuch as he boards all the freight trains between the Gulf and the Lakes.

Yet his knowledge grows more abundant than many much titled men,
Who travel as scholarly tourists and are classed as the upper ten;
And few are the contributions these scholarly ones have penned
That the neediest, shabbiest trampers could not readily cut and mend.

He has little in life to bind him in one place more than the rest,
And his hopes in the past lie buried with ones that he loves the best;
He has little to hope from Fortune and has little to fear from Fate,
And little his dreams are troubled over public's love or hate.

So a rhyme to the old tramp printers—to the hope they cherished and wept—
To the loves and the old home voices that still in their hearts are kept;
A rhyme to the old tramp printers whose garments are shiny and thin,
And who take a bunk in the basement when the pressman lets them in.

—F. F. MURPHY.

Batyushka.*

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set,
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet aerial midnight chime—
"God save the Tzar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the grim citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Tzar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Tzar!"

In his Red Palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Tzar!"

Father they called him from of old—
Batyushka! . . . How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourged men
Rise in their awful might, and then—
God save the Tzar!

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

* "Little Father," or "Dear Little Father," a term of endearment applied to the Tzar in Russian folk-song.

A Wayside Calvary.

The carven Christ hangs gaunt and grim
Beneath his blue Picardian skies,
And piteous, perchance, to him
Seems every man that lives and dies.
Hers, hid from hate of alien eyes,
Two hundred Prussians sleep, they say,
Beneath the cross whose shadow lies
Athwart the road to Catelet.

'Mid foes they slumber unafraid,
Made whole by Death, the cunning leech,
And near the long white roadway laid,
By his cold arms, beyond all reach
Of *Heimweh* pangs or stranger's speech:
Of curse or blessing naught reck they,
Of snows that hide nor suns that bleach
The dusty road to Catelet.

Of garlands laid or blossoms spread
The Prussians' sun-scorched mound lies bare;
But thin grass creeps above the dead,
And pallid poppies flutter fair,
And fling their drowsy treasures there
Beneath the symbol, stark and gray,
That hath the strangers in its care
Beside the road to Catelet.

—GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

Here and There.

SONNET TO A MULE

Illustrious pledge of lawless amorousness!
Celestial Kicker! Pray assuage the ire
That threatens from those shifting orbs of fire
Sweet foretastes of a saintly heel's caress;
Yet, Muley, each who views thee must confess
Thou hast the peaceful virtues of thy sire;
Those intellectual hoofs could ne'er desire
To spiflicate the spirit of the press.
In peace I titilate thine hide, and, lo!
I grasp thy tail, and—thud!—ouch! all things melt,
And stars and meteoric showers glow
Above a blighted liverpad, and oh!
Good Christians go and feel what I have felt,
Cycloned by hybrid heels "below the belt."

H. K. C.

Who will be the next to follow Flack? Of one thing we may be well assured—he will find imitators enough, thanks to the criminal negligence of the authorities on both sides of the Niagara river.

What a satire it is on our boasted humanitarianism that a man should not only be permitted to go to almost certain death in a useless cause, but as in the lamentable affair of last week, be actually encouraged in his foolhardy attempt by cheap trips, and other efforts made by different corporations to enable morbid thousands to be "in at the death."

I am informed that the Mayor of Syracuse forwarded a letter to the authorities on the American side, asking the assistance of the latter in preventing the attempt from being made. How useless the appeal has been is only too well shown in the fatality of Wednesday week.

There is another individual also, who is bound to come to grief sooner or later. I allude to the aerial gentleman who ascends to a dizzy height, and gracefully drops from thence in a parachute to the ecstatic delight of the assembled multitude below. Up to the time of our going to press he has been rather successful in his efforts to please, but as surely as morning succeeds the night, a day will come when this tumbler from grace will come a cropper in the most spirited fashion, and a horrible dent in the earth and a broken mass of what was once a sentient human being, will be the next tribute to the Minotaur of nineteenth century craving for that which is morbid and exciting.

The lady frequenters of the Public Library reading room will now be permitted to satisfy the thirst for knowledge in peace and comfort, for I hear that the protest made in this column a fortnight ago, regarding the lack of shade from the rays of the sun through the western windows, has brought about a needed reform. The Board has ordered that awnings shall be placed on all the windows, and the spectacle of Toronto women reading under the protection of their own parasols will be seen no more within the walls of our Public Library.

Of all the curios which I have seen nothing has interested me so much of late as the one I had the pleasure of handling the other day. Musically speaking, it is but an ordinary looking lute, and yet each constituent part is full of interest. It is the handiwork and property of a missionary from Sable Island—Mr. De Brisay, whose contributions to the Poet's Corner of SATURDAY NIGHT have been much appreciated. The instrument in question has been fashioned out of pieces of timber taken from ships wrecked along the shores of Sable Island in the North Atlantic. The neck and top are from the wreck of the Duke of Kent's ship The Princess Amelia, which was wrecked in 1803, and the ship's crew murdered by the Spanish and Portuguese pirates of Sable Island.

The sides are from the steamer State of Virginia wrecked some years ago. All the other parts are from different wrecks in years long gone by. The chords of this well made *sorewood lute* are perfect and, I take it, there are few instruments of its nature possessed of such enduring interest. For the information of those who are collectors of curios it will be admissible to say that Mr. De Brisay's address is, if I remember aright, 248 Victoria street, Toronto.

The closing exercises of the Bishop Strachan School have always been looked forward to with interest by the numerous friends of that institution. It appears that these exercises are also an attraction to certain young men in this city whose enthusiasm scorns the restraints which good taste imposes on those who lay claim to the title of gentleman. There are people among us who are narrow minded enough to censure the aristocratic disregard for decency which characterized these amiable young men who claimed the hospitality of the school a day or two ago, regardless of the fact that the invitation list was entirely innocent of all mention of their names. Fortunately for themselves, their very obscurity and insignificance saved them from an ignominious departure from the festive scene. Unfortunately, however, for the appetites of the legitimate guests, the ravenous onslaught made on the tables by the uninvited ones was such that little was left for those who had been bidden to the feast. But those who went away supperless have no reason to cast reproach on the hospitality of the school, who were merely the victims of this breach of good manners on the part of ineffable cads, whose social insignificance is their best safeguard. It is only a short time ago that Washington society was shocked at the conduct of certain human bears at the Chinese Ambassador's reception, and it is a matter for sincere regret that such creatures have found a band of imitators who have made the closing exercises of the Bishop Strachan School the scene of their exploits.

Seldom has the voyage across the Atlantic been made under sadder circumstances than that made by the mother and sister of the murderer Maxwell, who is now lying under sentence of death for the killing of young Preller a couple of years ago. Their intention is to make a personal effort to secure a commutation of the death sentence, and, failing, that to be with the condemned man as much as possible until all is over and Maxwell has paid the penalty of his hideous crime.

Knowing his victim as I have known him from those early days when the girlish beauty of his features and his timid bearing made him known to school boy parlance as "Gentle Preller," I can well understand the unsuspicious kindliness of heart that made him an easy prey to the unscrupulous design of his brutal murderer, and whilst the sympathy of every right-feeling man will be extended to the suffering mother and sister, yet it is to be sincerely hoped that the majesty of the law will be vindicated in this matter, and that Brooks, *alias* Maxwell, and many other *aliases*, will receive the just reward which is due to him for the dual crime of murder and ingratitude.

ST. GEORGE.

The Canadian International Cricket Team.

The needy actor, in common with some other needy people, finds himself occasionally compelled, when quitting his lodgings, to leave an affectionate remembrance behind in the shape of an unpaid bill—or, in vulgar parlance, he sometimes "gets broke to doing a bilk." Some years ago, the audience (somewhat scanty, but noisy) present at the theater in a certain northern manufacturing town were regaled one evening with a scene which was not set down in the bills.

The piece was The Merchant of Venice. The trial scene was in full play. Antonio was baring his manly bosom, Gratiano was cracking his choicest "wheezes," the Duke of Venice was looking as severe as his wig would let him, and Shylock was whetting his trusty blade upon the boards. Suddenly a venerable dame started up from somewhere about the center of the pit, and gesticulating frantically with a very full-blown umbrella, exclaimed:

"That's 'im! Yonder stands th' blackguard as did me out o' three-and-sixpence. I've 'followed 'im up all th' way fra' Massingham, the brute! I wasna sure afore, but I'll swear to my best carvin' knife as 'e took away—and got out o' th' window, and left nobbut a paper collar behind. And there's another young mon there—and there—the brazen willins!"

The audience stared in amazement. The old men ceased from smoking, the maidens stopped giggling, and the youths forbore the cracking of nuts. For a moment or two silence prevailed; the dame, by this time quite out of breath, still wielded the umbrella. But the "Leading Gent" was equal to the occasion. Knife in hand, he advanced to the footlights, and spake: "My good woman, what's the row?"

The Good Woman—Ah! it's all very fine of ye to cheek it out, ye swindlin' thief, when there's three-and-sixpence owin' to the poor widder for a bed as three of ye slep' in—and my carvin' knife in yer wicked 'and, too! Where's my brass, ye willin? And that brute with 'is shirt out, and 'im a settin' up there! (pointing excitedly).

Shylock (bringing forward Antonio)—Signor Antonio, know'st thou yon beldame?

Antonio—Not I, good Hebrew, i' faith.

Shylock (to Duke)—And you, most upright judge? (Aside) Stow the grins, you loon.

Duke—Jew, I wot not of her.

Shylock (to audience)—Ladies and gentlemen, this interruption has not been of my seeking, believe me. You see now to what insults, to what base calumnies, the poor player is occasionally exposed. You have heard the indignant repudiation of the charge by my two friends. For my own poor part, I never saw this—lady in my life. But what should be done to the accuser? What would you, ladies and gentlemen, do to the——?

The speech was interrupted by loud shouts of "Put her out! Throttle th' owd wench! Show folks for ever!" etc., and the audience, now thoroughly roused, demanded the instant expulsion of the persevering landlady, who was forthwith ejected. Order was restored, the play went on, and the poor woman proceeded to Massingham by the next train, considerably damaged as to her bonnet, her umbrella, and her peace of mind, with her stock of faith in mankind sadly diminished.

AT THE STAGE DOOR.

The curtain had fallen, the lights were dim,
The rain came down with a steady pour;
A white-haired man with a kindly face
Peered through the panes of the old stage door.
"I'm getting too old to be drenched like that,"
He muttered, and turning, met, face to face,
The woman whose genius, an hour before,
Like a mighty power, had filled the place.

"Yes, much too old," with a smile she said,
And she laid her hand on his silver hair.
"You shall ride with me to your home to-night,
For that is my carriage standing there."
The old door-tender stood, doffing his hat
And holding the door, but she would not stir,
Though he said it was not for the "likes of him
To ride in a kerridge with such as her."

"Come, put out your lights," she said to him,
"I've something important I wish to say,
And I can't stand here in the draught, you know—
I can tell you much better while on the way."
So into the carriage the old man crept,
Thanking her gratefully o'er and o'er,
Till she bade him listen while she would tell
A story concerning that old stage door.

"It was raining in torrents, ten years ago
This very night, and a friendless child
Stood shivering there by that old stage door,
Dreading her walk in a night so wild.
She was only one of the 'extra' girls,
But you gave her a n'ickel to take the car,
And said, 'Heaven bless ye, my little one,
Ye can pay me back if ye ever star.'"

"So you cast your bread on the waters then,
And I pay you back, as my heart demands.
And we're even now—no! not quite," she said,
As she emptied her purse in his trembling hands;
"And if ever you're needy and want a friend,
You know where to come, for your little mite
Put hope in my heart and made me strive
To gain the success you have seen to-night."

Then the carriage stopped at the old man's door,
And the gaslight shone on him, standing there;
And he stepped to the curb as she rolled away,
While his thin lips murmured a fervent prayer.

He looked at the silver and bills and gold,
And he said: "But gives all this to me?
My bread has come back, a thousand-fold,
God bless her! God bless all such as she!"

Daniel Sully will start out again with Daddy Nolan at Chicago, on August 17, and will travel until late in May, 1889.

The first performance of Steele Mackaye's latest play, A Noble Rogue, which was set for last Saturday night at the Grand Opera House in Chicago, was postponed until to-night because the preparations for the production were found to be incomplete.

Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch will meet Minnie Hauk while she is in Europe, and if the two prime donne can agree on a repertoire, and the amount of salary to be paid Mlle. Hauk, the latter will probably come to America in October and join the Kellogg English Opera Company.

Emma Abbott's next season will begin in the West on September 17. She will add Bizet's Pearl Fishers, Thomas' Esmeralda and David's Lalla Rookh to her repertoire. That is, she says she will; but she has made similar promises many a time and oft, and out in Kalamazoo and Kokomo, where the people have retentive memories, they do say that Miss Abbott does not always fulfil her promises about producing operatic novelties.

A deep-rooted theatrical superstition is that peacock feathers bring bad luck. When Mills and Barton were supervising the construction and the decoration of the Bijou Opera House they offered no objection to the decorators painting peacock feathers quite profusely about the walls. Theatrical prophets assured the sanguine Mills and the phlegmatic Barton that they would find the Bijou a sure loser. Sure enough, they did. John Wesley Rosenquest, who has purchased the lease of the Bijou, is not superstitious, but the peacock feathers must go—that has been decided on.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson has decided to dispense with the usual Saturday matinee at the Casino during July, and thus afford the artists, chorus, musicians and employes of the theater the benefit of the Saturday half-holiday. Particular attention has been given to the decorating of the entire Broadway front of the roof garden with rare plants and flowers. The list includes the Pandanus Utilus and Veitchu, Areca Lutescens, Latonia Borbonia, Seaforthia Elegans, Ficus Elasticus, Philadendron Formosa and Cycus Revoluta. The Casino is the only home of comic opera open at present, and Nadjy will be given nightly, together with the promenade concerts on the roof garden after the opera.

Nate Salisbury is to-day one of the richest men connected with amusements in the world, but like all the rest of the Wild West, money, success, adulation, celebrity, don't seem to make any difference. He's the same genial, unaffected fellow that used to recite I Was With Grant and The Tramp, those years ago, and count his dollars where now he counts his thousands.

John Burke is another of the big fellows at Erastina. Although a Western man he is the type of the Southern gentleman "befo' de war" in appearance. I once read a book in which the hero had a dreadful sabre cut across his entire face, that split up his nose and divided his mouth and made a most interesting creature of him. Major Burke's good looks have not suffered by the awful cut he once got, but only for the interposition of Providence and his spinal column was he spared the head on his shoulders. Just under his ear, way around into his cheek and off back into that territory popularly quoted as the scruff of one's neck, went that awful blade. It gives the flavor of a danger-filled past to the present beaming jollity of his handsome face.

It speaks well for William Cody that so many fine fellows gravitate to him. Show me a man's friends and I will tell you very much the sort of fellow he will be upon acquaintance. Big, kindly, manly men form the cabinet of affairs over at Erastina and they are fitly presided over by that American king, William Cody, dear to everyone who loves a fearless man as Buffalo Bill.

That most pompous and pretentious of newspapers, the thundering London *Times*, gave a splendid send off to the Wild West as it struck its tents and quenched its camp-fires at Brompton preparatory to leaving for America. After paying Col. Cody numberless compliments for his success as a manager, a man, and a society lion, it went on to say: "Col. Cody has done a great deal to bring America and England nearer together; the nearer they are brought together the less likely they are to quarrel. Disputes and differences there must occasionally be, but if both parties to a dispute are quite determined not to quarrel over it, it can never become serious. A serious quarrel between England and the United States would be almost worse than a civil war."

After the Battle.

DEDICATED TO THE TEAM THAT DIDN'T WIN

Nigh a dozen stalwart heroes, practiced veterans, cool and calm,
Upheld the starry banner and the fame of Uncle Sam.

Not a *cross* was in their armor, not a *cut* to show they bled,
Though they *battened* on the carcass of our glory lying dead.

Trampled wickedly upon us whilst we struggled all in vain.
With the chances *slipping* from us, not a *point* our host could gain.

Ah! the *break*,—the shattered idol *trundled* headlong to a fall,
As our champions fell like soldiers stricken by the fatal *ball*.

I'll go *bail* a sorry plight 'tis when one cannot *stand* nor *run*,
So they *drove* us to the slaughter till the fateful field was won.

Long on hearts that beat with valor will a load of sorrow be,
Memories of hopes that slumber 'neath a foreign *willow* tree.

For the eagle in his power struck a blow that laid us flat,
Knocking swift our shining beaver into the historic hat.

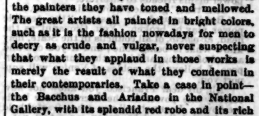
Blocked our fancied march of triumph, and they left us in the hole,
We, like many men before us, found our ruin in the *bowl*.

Off our brows they *caught* the laurels, and they show in freshened green,
On the haughty fronts of foemen, such as we had never seen.

But what's the odds? The thing is *over*, and what's done is done!
Mayhap next year another story may reverse *this* season's fun.

Let us don the mournful sackcloth, hushed our *cricket's* song of mirth,
As he grovels mid the ashes on our cold Canadian hearth.

NOMAD.



"All is for the best in the best of all possible arts," is the substance of the Thoughts on Art which Sir John Millais contributes to the July number of the *Magazine of Art*. "I am emphatically of opinion," he says, "that the best art of modern times is as good as any of its kind that has gone before, and furthermore, that the best art of England can hold its own against the world."

"Time and varnish are two of the greatest of old masters, and their virtues and merits are too often attributed by critics—I do not of course allude to the professional art-critics—to the painters they have toned and mellowed. The great artists all painted in bright colors, such as it is the fashion nowadays for men to decry as crude and vulgar, never suspecting that what they applaud in those works is merely the result of what they condemn in their contemporaries. Take a case in point—the Bacchus and Ariadne in the National Gallery, with its splendid red robe and its rich brown grass. You may rest assured that the painter of that bright red robe never painted the grass brown. He saw the colour as it was, and painted it as it was—distinctly green; only it has faded with time to its present beautiful mellow color. Yet many men, nowadays, will not have a picture with green in it; there are even buyers who, when giving a commission to an artist, will stipulate that the canvas shall contain none of it. But God Almighty has given us green, and, you may depend upon it, it's a fine color.

"There is, and has been for a century or so, this growing cry for 'subdued color;' and what is the result? The case of Sir Joshua Reynolds is a sufficiently notorious example. It was his custom—well knowing what he did—to paint in clear and true colors. We have it from Walpole, after a visit to Reynold's studio, that he found the Waldegrave picture, which now commands so much admiration for its mellowness of tone, 'dreadfully white and pinky.' But Sir George Beaumont, the connoisseurs, and patrons, were forever urging him to give them in his pictures what time alone can effect: 'tone—like the old masters.' And at length, to satisfy their reiterated demands, he made use of the pigment that would most readily give the rich soft brown they wanted—asphaltum. And now every picture that contains that villainous color is in every stage of decomposition and ruin—and the chief responsibility for that lies heavily on his critics.

A Circassian in Battle Array.

Were war to embody itself in a human shape, it could find no better incarnation than the fierce, tiger-like beauty of the Circassian in his battle array, with his shining helmet and ringing mail, his saber clanking at his side, and his long mountain rifle on his shoulder. But even in his more peaceful dress of embroidered white tunic and sheepskin cap, loose black velvet trousers, and sash of crimson silk, there is something barbaric and warlike about his whole appearance which harmonizes only too well with the flash of his eagle eye and the stern compression of his mustached lips. You can see at a glance that war and peril and blood shed are this man's natural element, and that, when tamed and civilized, he will lose not only his native picturesqueness, but even the very mainspring of his existence.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TROUBLES OF THE DOGE.

The night was wearing away—midnight had been long past—and yet the Doge Giovanni had not retired. He sat in the chamber where he was wont to give private audience, with his elbow upon a quaintly carved table, and his head resting upon his hand. A single lamp, suspended from the stuccoed ceiling, gave light enough to cast gloomy shadows upon the marble pavement, and upon the heavy draperies, though about the centre of the apartment, where the table stood, the rays were more direct and objects thereabouts were revealed quite distinctly. Ever and anon the Doge raised his head, and looked towards a door upon his right, bending his ear attentively, and showing by the expression of his face that he was ill at ease.

"It is late—very late," he muttered, in a weary, shuddering tone. "O, that this burden were lifted from me! Those that are dead have alone known the pains and penalties of this thankless office.—Ha!"

A slight noise, as of a falling step, arrested Giovanni's attention, and he looked again towards the door upon his right. But it was not there. He turned in the opposite direction, and observed that a man had entered the room from behind a silken arras. The new-comer peered cautiously around, and then advanced towards the table. He was of middle-age, his eye bright and quick, and his face expressive of true feeling and resolute courage. He wore the star of a count upon his breast, and yet he was the Doge's secretary and confidential attendant, performing the office of scribe, or page, as circumstance might require.

Giovanni had been Francisco de Castro's best friend in other years, saving him once from great peril; and now the grateful count was not only ready to serve his friend in humble capacity, but he was willing to risk life, if necessary, in that service, as we shall see, which no plebeian could have done.

"Ah, Francisco, is it you!"

"It is I, your highness."

"Tut tut, my good De Castro; don't highness me. Leave that for the fawning sycophants of the council. But tell me; have you news?"

"Yes."

"Then make haste and be brief, for we are liable to be interrupted at any moment."

"Are you expecting—"

"I am expecting no one, Francisco; that is, I have made no appointment, but the Three have been in session, and Rinaldi may have a communication to make."

The count smote his hand upon his thigh, and his lips curled indignantly.

"Rinaldi is a villain of the deepest dye!"

"I know, I know, my good De Castro. But he is still the chief of the State Inquisition, and it is lamentable, but it is true—he is my master!"

"God have mercy upon the State!"

"Aye," responded Giovanni, solemnly, "and upon the Doge, too! But the news, Francisco? Have you sounded the officers of our guard?"

"I have, Giovanni; and you have more friends in Venice than you think."

"Ah, Francisco, there may be many who remember me gratefully for the numerous deeds of help I have done to my suffering fellows in other years; but how many would dare to be friendly to me as thou art friendly!"

"Listen, my lord," said the count, seating himself by the side of the Doge. "The things of evil which the Secret Three are doing are known to the people. It is known that through them a curse land has been laid upon Venice, yet they know not how to act, since they can make no specific charge. Those nobles who were once members of the Grand Council, who in the power was in the hands of almost five hundred men, with the Doge at their head, are not pleased to see that power wrested from them and lodged with the Council of Ten. And yet they could have borne this better than the thing which now they are called upon to bear. They shudder when they see the Lion's Mouth established in Venice, no position of rank or honor, from which the incumbent may not be dragged down by the myrmidons of the Secret Three and be hurried on to his death without the power of his friends to interfere."

"It is true," groaned Giovanni, bitterly.

"But," pursued De Castro, "this terrible power may be broken. You, Giovanni, as the head, *ex officio*, of all councils in the State, may know what is being done; and if you can find a deed of wrong, and have the courage to interpose, I believe the nobles of Venice will support you."

"Ah, my dear Francisco, you know not how terribly the power of the Secret Three holds me down. I cannot tell you what fearful hold the dread tribunal has upon me. And yet I meant no wrong. I have been dragged down, down, down, until the Inquisitors have become my masters. O! it is dreadful!"

"Giovanni," demanded the count, with energy, "who commands the armies of the Republic?"

"Ostensibly, the Doge."

"Then be their commander indeed. This very night I have conversed with the captain of the host on duty, and he gave me his word that he would obey any order you might choose to give him. He said he recognized you, and you alone, as the commander-in-chief under whom he served. All you need to care for is that you have your quarrel just. In the hour when you can clearly show that the Secret Three are serving their own ends at the expense of justice, you may call upon the nobles of Venice to come to the rescue, and summon the officers of the guard, with full assurance of their support."

"Hark! Some one approaches. Be gone, Francisco—but go not far away. I would see you again before I retire."

De Castro glided out by the door at which he had entered just as Rinaldi came in from the opposite direction. The Inquisitor peered cautiously around, and then advanced and took the seat which the count had vacated. There was an expression of grim triumph upon his dark face, and he rubbed his hands exultingly.

"Your Highness, we are alone?"

"We are, Signor."

"I fain! your highness is cool and distant, considering the work we have in hand."

"Work, Signor?"

"Aye, I said work. By my life! I think the filling of an empty treasury is work enough, especially when the Jews refuse to advance a duca! even upon promise of most exorbitant usance."

The Doge shuddered in the presence of that man; he loathed and despised him, and he almost loathed and despised himself in that he had been brought down to a business level with him. And yet Giovanni cared not to offend if he could avoid it.

"I admit, Rinaldi, that the treasury needs filling most sadly. If I have appeared cool it was not because my mind was free from care, but rather because I did not like to give my anxieties away. But you have some communication to make."

"Aye, your highness, that have I. Our work is done. The Prince Alonzo de Verona is under condemnation, and his vast estates are confiscate."

"The prince condemned!" uttered Giovanni. "What hath been his crime?"

"Marriage with a slave!"

"How!" cried the Doge, with a start. "De Verona married with a slave! It cannot be!"

"And yet, your highness, so it is."

"And the penalty is—"

"Death!" added the Inquisitor; for the Doge seemed unable to pronounce the dreadful word.

"But this slave, Rinaldi! O, are you sure! Hath there not been some mistake?"

"None at all. The prince acknowledges the marriage, and the mean estate of his wife is proved beyond the possibility of a doubt."

"And who is she? What is she? Where did he find her?"

"The Count Antonio bought her of a merchant of Smyrna, six years ago. We have seen the acknowledgment under the count's own hand and seal."

The Doge started to his feet, pale and quivering.

"Merciful God!" he ejaculated, "and this is the beautiful maiden whom I have seen beneath De Verona's roof—she that was called Zenella!"

"The same, your highness."

"And she, too, must suffer death!"

"Such is the law of Venice."

"O, this is too much!"

"How, Giovanni—would you question the law!"

"No, no."

"And would you shield one who had violated it!"

"Not that, not that, Rinaldi. But—the young and noble prince!—she beautiful, the good, and the innocent maiden! O, it is too, too much!"

"Your highness is sympathetic, but be sure such sympathy is thrown away. Among all those of your noble house just and proper that that which holds the blood of our nobility above the fount of contamination. The prince knew the penalty, and dared to do the deed."

"Aye, but did he know that Zenella was a slave?"

"Your highness, he had ample warning; and as proof of his knowledge I have only to inform you that before he was married he had made all arrangements to flee from Venice immediately upon the consummation of the unnatural union."

"Alas! poor Alonzo!" groaned the Doge, striding away from his side. "And thou, Zenella!—so beautiful and so pure. O! this is terrible."

After a time he returned to the table and resumed his seat. He had grown calm with the calmness of a heart that was paralyzed.

"Rinaldi," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "I have heard, and I understand. Have you more to communicate!"

"I have a question to ask," returned the Inquisitor. "Are you prepared to adhere to the promise you gave me concerning the confiscated estates of the Prince Alonzo?"

"Rinaldi," replied the Doge, indignation giving emphasis to his utterance, "did some of this business upon my shoulders. I cannot bear it."

"Ah! and you would—"

"Stop, Rinaldi! Give me no threatening looks. Ask me no favors towards your selfish ends. The estates of Alonzo de Verona are in the hands of your secret tribunal. Do with them as you please."

The Inquisitor, base and unscrupulous as he was, covered beneath the indignant glance of the Doge; and he evidently felt that whatever might be his power, it would not answer to push the conscientious man in that direction; so he curbed his bitter passions, and submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

"Very well, your highness; I will not seek to compromise you in any way; but I must demand of you that you keep the promise you have given. When there shall have been paid into the Treasury of the State one half of the Prince's property, you will take account that as all which the State can claim."

"Signor," answered Giovanni, after a pause, "I will not break my word. Pay into the treasury what you please, and I shall ask no questions. Is not that enough?"

"Yes, yes," said the Inquisitor, rising. A brief pause, and then he added: "It is enough. I do not think you will care to break faith with the Three."

"One word," cried the Doge, as Rinaldi was turning away: "When does Alonzo die?"

"Before morning."

"And Zenella—"

"Dies at the same time!"

The Doge sank back in his seat, and the Inquisitor departed.

"O," murmured the unhappy ruler, with his head bowed, "so fair, and so beautiful! I wonder not that he married her. I—I—loved the gentle, sweet-voiced maiden,—loved her as I could love a celestial being. O, that I could have known this in season! I might have helped them, even as I helped Gonsalvo. But it is too late! Alas! too late!"

While the Doge sat with his face buried in his hands he became aware that some one had entered the chamber, and upon looking up, he beheld his faithful friend and henchman.

"Ah, Francisco, is it thou?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Highness, again, Francisco? O, let me feel that I have one friend on earth who can call me by my name! bore in the happier years!"

"Are we alone?"

"Yes."

"Then I will call you Giovanni."

"I like that better."

"And I am come to inform you that a female is without who desires to speak with you."

"A female—at this hour!"

"Yes."

"And her business?"

"She will communicate it only to yourself. But you need not fear. She is a woman of kindly speech, and hath some heavy burden upon her mind."

"She must leave, to seek the Doge at such an hour. God deliver me from a woman's petition which I cannot grant! Admit her, Francisco."

CHAPTER XVI.

JUDITH—ZENELLA.

The count retired, and shortly afterwards a female, closely veiled, entered the ducal presence. She was dressed in mourning, and her garb was of the Hebrew fashion.

"My good woman," said the Doge, rising, "will you be seated?"

"It needs not, your serene highness, that I should sit, since my errand is simple, and must be briefly done."

Her voice was low and soft, and her bearing was of that true womanly cast which unites, under the impulse of a noble devotion, modesty and courage.

"Lady, I am ready to listen. Speak freely to Giovanni."

The woman bowed her head, and slipped a silken cord from her neck; and then she drew forth from her bosom something that flashed in the lamplight like an orb of fire.

"Your highness," she said, "this night there came to our house an aged Moor. He came to speak concerning the Christian maiden called Zenella, whom the Count Antonio, ere he died, gave into my father's charge. While he was beneath our roof the familiars of the Inquisition came to arrest him; and when he knew that escape was impossible, he gave to me this signet, and bade me give it to the Doge Giovanni, and to say that he who sent was in the State prison."

The Doge took the signet, and when he had looked upon the flashing ruby, in its quaint, Oriental setting, his face become suddenly pale, his frame shook, and he gasped for breath, as he ejaculated:

"This ring! A Moor, said ye!"

"Yes, your highness."

"And his name?"

"Malech."

"It is he! It is he!"

And the Doge held the ruby up towards the light, and regarded the intricate work of the setting more carefully. Then he kissed the jewel and pressed it close to his heart. At length he started and laid his hand upon the woman's shoulder.

"Who art thou?"

"I am called Judith, and I am the daughter of the Jew, Ben-hadad."

"This Moor—Malech—came to thy house in search of Zenella!"

"Yes."

"And Zenella—she it is who hath been called 'The Pearl of the Ghetto!'"

"Yes."

"She—she—is now Alonzo de Verona's wife!"

The Doge spoke whisperingly, like one in a frightful dream.

"She is."

"And the Moor—what told he of her!"

"Nothing, your highness. He only sought, first Zenella, and then he would have sought yourself; but the familiars——"

"Ha! ha—the familiars. Did they say why they took him?"

"They gave no reason. But I heard Malech say that they had been dogging him. He shinks the Spy Extraordinaire is his chief enemy."

"I have seen this Dagolfo, and I like not his looks."

"The Moor hath known him by another name."

"How!"

"Benedetto."

"What! Benedetto! Who is thus named?"

"The Spy of the Secret Three."

"Him men call Dagolfo!"

"The same, your highness."

The Doge stood for a time like one who had been stricken by a lightning bolt, and over whom senses the thunder-crash is bursting. But finally he struggled up from the blow, and gazed once more upon the precious signet.

"Judith, have you more to tell me?"

"No more, your highness."

"Then I will detain you no longer. Speak not of your mission to another. If I live through this night, you shall not go unrewarded."

"O, Giovanni, if, through my instrumentality, thou art led to help the Moor, and if, through him, help can come to Zenella, I shall be rewarded most richly."

"Heaven bless thee, noble woman! Pray to the God of thy fathers for Zenella, and for Giovanni! Thou wilt find him who introduced thee in waiting. Bid him come hither when he shall conduct thee safely forth."

The Jewess departed, and ere long afterwards the count entered.

"My dear master——"

"Hush! Not a word, Francisco. I have work for thee. There hath been arrested, this night, by the familiars under Dagolfo's command, a Moor named Malech. Go and ascertain where he is confined, and bring me word as speedily as possible. I must see that Moor, though I faced a thousand deaths in doing so."

The count turned away, and when he had gone Giovanni touched a bell cord, and presently a youthful page appeared in answer to the summons.

"Lorenzo, thou knowest the members of the Council of Ten!"

"Yes, your highness."

"Then go and summon them hither within the hour. Tell them the Doge would see them in the Council Chamber. Make haste and fail not. Say to them that it is a matter of more than life or death—far, far more!"

The page withdrew, and the Doge sank down well nigh powerless from the force of the wild emotions that raged in his bosom—sank down and prayed to God for mercy!

The cell into which Zenella had been ushered was of moderate size—not so cramped as other cells in the prison—and evidently at one of the angles of the structure, as there were small loop-holes in two of the walls. There was an old oaken pallet, or frame-work, with coarse, damp matting upon it occupying one side of the dungeon, but it was not worthy of the name of a bed; and this was all the furniture the place afforded. As the reader is already aware, this was called "Dandolo's Cell." It was so called because a Doge of that name had once been confined here under sentence of death. It was said that Dandolo had been walled up to die, and years afterwards the horrible sepulchre had been broken open, the bones removed, and the iron door replaced in its arch.

Zenella, when the door had been closed upon her, felt her way to the pallet, and sank down upon it. And there she remained, under full torture of reflections born of a realizing sense of her dreadful situation, until she was aroused by the streaming of light into her dungeon. She started up and beheld an aperture in the wall, and a man emerging therefrom with a lantern in his hand. The door by which she had entered had not been opened. The man was coming in upon the opposite side and by a secret way.

What could it mean? Had help come to her in this awful hour? The thought was in her mind when the visitor stood before her, and she beheld the form and features of the Councillor Rinaldi; and with a sharp, quick cry she shrank back and covered her eyes—covered them not more to shut out the strong light which had been turned upon her than to shut away the face of that wicked man.

"Zenella, spoke the Councillor, in a tone which he evidently meant should be very soft and low, "you have no occasion for alarm. I have come to offer you assistance."

The prisoner let fall her hands and gazed upon her visitor. Could it be that help had come. The quick eagerness of her look asked the question. So deep, so deep, in the gulf of despair, she could seize even upon a floating straw.

"You, my lord!—you have come to assist me?"

"Yes, Zenella. Sit down and listen."

She sat down upon the oaken frame and Rinaldi sat near her.

"Could it be possible that he had come to give her help! Had he forgotten the evil he once meditated, and found room in his heart for mercy? O! if it could only be so!

"Zenella, you know that I was one of your judges to-night!"

"I recognized you, Signor."

"As a judge I had no choice but to pronounce the penalty of the law. It was not my fiat. You know the sentence that has been passed upon you!"

"Yes. It is death!"

She spoke in a whisper, and her thoughts seemed to be wandering, as though she answered for another rather than for herself.

"Aye, Zenella, it is death, and of all living men I alone can save you. You do not wish to die—do you, Zenella?"

"O, no! no!" gasped the fair prisoner, breaking in upon the terrible words.

"Then listen to me and you may be saved. Of course I cannot openly remove you. It must not be known in Venice that you have not died as the law has pronounced. There is a secret way from your cell, and if you will come with me I can convey you to a place of safety."

"And Alonzo—my husband—what of him?"

"He is beyond my reach for the present."

"And you cannot save him also?"

"Are you mad, girl? Do you think I hold power of revision over the laws of Venice?"

Zenella moved to the far end of the pallet, and looked into Rinaldi's face. Her lips were compressed, her hands clutched, and a new light was in her eyes—a deep, searching light—before which the base plotter cowered and shrank.

"Rinaldi, what do you mean? What is this help you offer?"

"Do you ask me that question seriously, Zenella? Can you not guess?"

She gazed upon him, but did not answer.

"Come, come, Zenella, no more of this. Thou knowest very well wherefore I would save thee, San Marco! do you know what I risk when I offer to conduct you hence and deliver you from the executioner? Dost think I would do it for one whom I did not love?"

That last word was like the sting of an adder. Zenella started, and clasped her hands over her bosom.

"Zenella, thou hast been told, ere this, of the strong love I bear thee. Such wondrous beauty as thine must not be cut off in its early blossom. Yield it to me, and I will save it, and nourish it, and protect it. O, Zenella——"

"Back! Back! my lord! Come no nearer."

"How, Zenella? Wilt thou not accept thy life at my hands?"

"Not at that price."

"Bethink thee."

"Oh, Rinaldi, judge though you be, and with many years upon your head, you yet know little of the hearts that hath its hopes in faith and virtue. I hold mine honor above my life.—Stop! hear me through. You forget yourself. You are not speaking with Zenella, the ward of Jew-hadad; but with Zenella, the wife of Alonza de Verona!"

"Poor, deluded girl!" said the Councillor, the evil gleaming of his eyes giving the lie to the solemnity of his tone. "And do you think there was a true marriage rite performed when you gave your hand so confidingly to a prince of Venice? Know you not that the laws make such a marriage of no avail? No, no, Zenella, you are not a wife. You are free to come with me, if you will."

"And you would take me to your own home—to be yours as you have once before asked me—and leave Alonzo here to die?"

"I cannot save the prince."

(To be Continued.)

A Little More and He Would Have Been Too Late.

Friend—I called to see, Courtly, if you could let me have the twenty dollars you borrowed a couple of months ago to-day.

Courtly—Can't do it possibly this morning, dear boy.

Well, I was passing and I thought I would stop, thinking I would catch you in.

Yes, five minutes later and I would have been out. You are in luck; yes, you are positively lucky.

A Very Mixed Lot.

He had been out in the cemetery and his young curiosity had been aroused. He knew that they buried people there, but somehow it did not fit in with his internal argument on various points brought up at different times by his mother.

"Mother," he said, "where do the good people go to when they die?"

"They go to heaven."

"And where do the bad people go to?"

"They go to the bad place."

"And what kind of people do they put in the graves?"

Political Opinion.

"I should think, sah," remarked Cun'l Cyarter Washington, "that these Prohibitionists would see the error-ah of thelah ways. Yo' ought to know, sah, by Gad, sah, that watah is all right in theory, but it can't be relied on-ah, foh practical campaign purposes. Never, sah, by Gad, sah."

Wrong End Foremost.

A child of five came on Yonge street a small dog wearing an enormous muzzle.

"See, nurse; he's got his bustle put on the wrong way."

Ah! Why Not?

Tressle—Going to Saratoga this summer, Bessie?

Bessie—Decidedly no. I am going to some spot where I don't have to everlastingly dress, dress all the time.

Tressle—Why don't you go to bed, then?

Rapid Striders.

Mr. Shem (the eminent tragedian—The dramatic profession in this country, my dear sir, is developing rapid strides.

Dear Sir (very much impressed)—Yes, I suppose it has to at times to get out of the way of the bailiffs.

The Generation that Don't Rise.

Col. Yerger—"I wonder why boys are called the rising generation?"

Cynic Sharby—"Don't you think the term appropriate?"

"No, I don't. I broke the handle off the hair-brush this morning trying to make my boy rise."

He Had it Ready.

"Good-bye, wifey; if I am detained by business and not able to come home to dinner I'll send you a telegram."

"We(frigidly)—You needn't take that trouble. Here it is. I took it out of your pocket a while ago.

An Unexplained Mystery.

The New York Custom House officers suspected a lady of smuggling dutiable goods on her person, so she was inspected by the female examiner and a large quantity of lace was found in her dress.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed, "who in the world can have put that there?"

An Old Fable With a New Meaning.

A swallow flew down and plucked a small piece of wool from the back of a sheep. The sheep was very indignant and denounced the swallow in scathing terms.

"Why do you make such a fuss!" asked the swallow. "You never say anything when the shepherd takes all the wool you have on your back."

"That's a different thing entirely," replied the sheep. "If you knew how to take my wool without hurting me, as the shepherd does, I would not object so much."

This fable is merely intended to explain why millions can be stolen with impunity, while the theft of a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is punished with such severity.

How Charley Proposed.

"Did Charley propose last night?"

"Yes, the darling fellow!"

"Tell me all about it—do! He was just so romantic and dramatic—"

"Indeed, he was nothing of the kind. It was almost farcical, he made such a ninny of himself. I could have laughed outright, only I was afraid he'd get angry and escape before I landed him."

"What a shame he should have made such a mess of it!"

"By no means. If he'd been dead-letter perfect I should have had a suspicion he'd been rehearsing with some other girl.'

"Oh!"

Preferred to Die.

"Sir," said the tramp, "I have not tasted food for seven days. Another half-hour of this and I shall die."

"Then," exclaimed the philanthropist, "you shall live. Take this ticket, it will admit you to my stead for a sumptuous banquet, course after course, meats, wines and dessert, a feast three hours long, glorious company, Mr. Efforts, Mr. Toolew, Mr. Longyarn, Mr. Teaser, and other eminent men."

"Will there be any after-dinner speeches?" asked the starving one.

"Columns of them," said the philanthropist.

And the tramp handed back the ticket, and crawled wearily away into a silent timber-yard to die.

To Arms! Rouse for the Strife!

She—Ah! Captain Slasher. You military men are really irresistible. But this is not your first engagement. I'll be bound.

Slasher—Indeed! Why?

She—Oh! because you seem so well up in the use of arms!

Health Statistics.

"I haven't had a wink of sleep in the last eight days," remarked Gilhooly to Gus De Smith.

"Great heavens! How is that?"

"You see, I have quit taking a siesta in the middle of the day, and now I do all my sleeping at nights."

He Tipped to It.

Slow guest—How nice! That must have been a monstrous turkey.

Sleek waiter—Yes, sah. His wing measured five feet from tip to tip."

S. G.—Oh!

S. W.—Bout as long as I'se been helpin' tips, sah.

S. G.—Ah, yes.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Trunks, Bags, Valises, Satchels, Purses, Pocket Books, Bill and Letter Cases, Baskets, Dressing Cases, Fancy Goods, &c.

105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

DANCING.—Those wishing to learn the latest and fashionable dances properly, as taught by the leading masters (and not the unique style of dancing taught by other than reliable teachers), will register the correct name at Prof. Thomas' Dancing Academy. F. A. THOMAS, *Principal*, 77 Peter Street, Toronto.

N. B.—Prof. Thomas taught the "Court Minuet," danced at the Toronto Ar Fair.

TORONTO SIGN CO.

27½ YONGE STREET,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

JUST OPENED

A NEW SHOE STORE

At 88 Queen St. West

WHERE

J. W. McADAM

is selling goods very close, for instance a Ladies' Prunella Boot for 25c., Ladies' Solid Leather Slips, 25c.

J. W. McADAM, 88 Queen St. West

LATE OF COR. TRINITY.

SPRING 1888

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

43 KING STREET WEST

(Opp. *Mail* office, first floor). We will be prepared after the 15th inst. to show our Spring importations in Millinery Novelties, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr., (formerly of No. 1 Rossin Block).

G. A. CASE

REAL ESTATE BROKER

25 Adelaide street East - Toronto.

Money to Loan. TELEPHONE 1482.

- PATENTS -

REYNOLDS & KELLOND

Solicitors and Experts

24 King Street East, Toronto, 156 St. James Street, Montreal, Pacific Building, Washington, D. C.

Agencies in all Foreign Capitals. Trade Marks, Designs and Copyrights Registered.

RITCHIE, BARRETT & CO.

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

15 YONGE STREET ARCADE

Several mansions and handsome residence properties for sale. Those desiring to make a home in Toronto should communicate with us. Telephone 1352.

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

Grand Moving Sale

STRATHERN

is moving to his new store, 303 Yonge Street, and for the next few days will have a grand clearing sale of

Stoves, Baby Carriages and Housefurnishing Goods

Come early and secure some of the great bargai .

J. M. STRATHERN & CO.

179 YONGE STREET

TORONTO

Steam Laundry

106 YORK STREET

LATE

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

WHY?

A Charming Love Story in Six Parts.

CHAPTER III.

GEORGIE DARRELL'S LITTLE FINGER.

There are words which sever hearts more than sharp swords; there are words, the point of which sting the heart through the course of a whole life.—Miss Bazaine.

In a remarkably short time the Darrells, mother and daughters, settled down into that way of life into which their lives had been cast. They found the friendship of Mrs. Seymour of inestimable benefit to them. Mrs. Seymour, as the wife of the officer commanding a crack cavalry regiment—and the Royal Horse was undoubtedly that—had a very good position apart from herself or her family. Then she was personally a very popular woman—popular with the officers, and with the wives of such who happened to be married; popular alike with country and townspeople, and therefore she was really of more use to the Darrells as a means of introduction than a hundred letters written for that purpose could have been; and before many weeks had slipped by the Darrell girls found themselves in the midst of what to them was simply a whirl of gaiety.

To many girls of their age, life in the old city and its neighborhood was dull, stale and unprofitable, neither more nor less than as dull as ditch water; but to Violet and Georgie it was all fresh and fair, and, as I said before they had really never known the meaning of the term "Society," and the bright summer days seemed to pass in an endless round of pleasure.

Their ways of accepting the new state of affairs were very different. Nothing seemed to stir the quietude of the elder girl's placid nature. She accepted new ideas, new habits, new customs with the air of having been used to them all her life. She was as quiet, as serene, as stately as she had been in the palazzo at Milan when the great object of her existence seemed to be to become her mother's right hand and to set the best of examples to the generally rather boisterous English girls, who had left home and friends to carve out a way to fame by the ladder which is perhaps of all ways to fame the most difficult to climb.

And like her mother she was lovely—infinitely more beautiful than either of her sisters would ever be; whether Madge, who was a tall, awkward, brown-faced slip of a girl, with little to recommend her in the way of looks except a wealth of nut-brown hair, and a pair of brown eyes almost uncanny, they were so big and so changeful in expression, or Georgie, who had taken after neither father nor mother, but was the living image of a dead and gone sister of Mrs. Darrell's, who had lived and wed and died twenty years before.

Everybody agreed that Georgie Darrell was one of the prettiest little witches in all the wide world, and yet, when you came to pick the little body to pieces, you found that she was not so very pretty after all. She had a fine and lovely skin, all roses and lilies like a little child, it is true; and, as every one knows, a beautiful skin is like a cloak, it covers a multitude of faults; hers certainly did. There was one deep and very pretty dimple on the left side of her mouth, and it was, perhaps, that and the pearly teeth within that hid how completely unlovable the mouth itself really was. And she had a way of opening her eyes very widely when she was spoken to—of making great round O's of them like a baby does; and she had a way, too, of wrinkling her little pert nose with an air of fastidious disgust, which made beholders—particularly the men—want to look at her again; and when she had another little way of thrusting her little dimpled, tapered fingers into the floating mass of her feathery golden hair with a little distracted air of perplexity, and here let me say I use the word floating advisedly, although Georgie did not wear her hair hanging down her back! On the contrary, it was piled high on the top of her little head, and apparently nothing else, for every now and again the dagger would drop out and fall to the floor with a crash, and all the feathery golden hair would come tumbling down about the little fair face, and give a fine opportunity for all the little airs and graces which constituted Georgie's battery of charms.

For that was just it! Given Violet's calm serenity of manner, Georgie would have been nothing; her looks would have been pretty and nothing else; as it was she passed for a beauty, and in reality her beauty was all trick, way, airs and graces! It was the beauty of a kitten, who might or might not, with the main chances against it, turn out an even tolerably handsome cat.

And she was a rapacious little person, too; rapacious in the way of such small attentions as fall to the share of the girls of her class of life—greedy of admiration, of the little offerings of flowers and books, and such odds and ends as found their way to the Priory; and most greedy of all of the personal attention of the men of their acquaintance.

For instance, before they had been settled at the Priory for three months she had gathered quite a host of admirers about her. She had her pet partners for whom she saved waltzes, those to whom she promised her extras, those with whom she went in to the first or second supper and those with whom she sat out in shady corners or on convenient stairs. She knew to a nicety at what hour the troops would ride past the house in the morning to watering order and exactly what days and inspections were going on. She knew and could tell you accurately each morning who was on duty as orderly officer for the day, and also could post you pretty accurately on the contents of the various regimental order books. She showed a fine impartiality towards rank and standing in the service, and would as soon dawdle away a blissful hour of coquetry under the jasmine-wreathed bower in the garden with a sub of six weeks' standing and his pay as she would have done with the senior captain of the same regiment with a lovely place of his own and ten thousand a year.

"What I marry," she remarked one day, in her most sapiently childish way, to her sister, "I intend to marry money! There's nothing on earth like money."

"And Mr. Ponsonby has such lots of it!" retorted Violet, with a laugh.

"No, poor darling; just a hundred and fifty a year besides his pay," cried Georgie, pityingly. "As if the poor boy could keep out of debt on that!"

"Then you don't mean to marry Mr. Ponsonby, it is evident," said the elder girl.

"Marry Cyril Ponsonby!" cried Georgie, opening her eyes and her mouth too a good deal more than was good for her looks. "Why, you must be mad, Vi, to suggest or think of such a thing."

"Perhaps I am, but isn't it rather a pity to see so much of him? He is very young, and I fancy he admires you very much, and—won't it be very painful for him when you find and take your 'money!'"

"Really, Violet, I'm surprised at you," cried Georgie, with a dignified assumption of high and reproachful tones. "As if I would run the risk of hurting poor Cyril's feelings in any way. Of course, he knows perfectly well that I am just as poor as a rat—as poor as he is, dear boy—and that any idea beyond the present is altogether out of the question for us. But I must say it would be hard if I were to shun him and treat him like a leper, simply because he doesn't happen to have any money. Why, it would be as hard as if he treated me in the same way, for the same reason."

"It might be hard; but, at the same time, I can't help thinking it would be wiser on both sides," said Violet, with a sigh.

However, Georgie could not, or would not, or, at least, did not, see it, and still went on dealing out herself favors to Mr. Cyril Ponsonby and a good many others like him, not omitting, all the same, to cast her pretty, wide-open, blue eyes around in search of the 'money' which was to lift her above the restricting poverty of her present life. But, somehow, the men with money did not seem to be sharing her favors with Insignificant youngsters who were but little good to any one, and although, for a time, Georgie attracted them all, the attractiveness never lasted. There were hideous rumors afloat of eligibles in their set who were immensely taken with the little wrinkle of the nose, the sudden opening of the blue eyes, the down-falling of the feathery golden hair; yet when they saw the youngsters of their regiments come in for precisely the same course, the attractiveness of the little manœuvres was found to palls and become stale and unprofitable to them.

But there was one man of their acquaintance on whom Georgie Darrell could make no impression whatever—apparently not even a bad one! That was one John Hills, senior subaltern of the Royal Horse.

The reason was obvious—apparent to every one who thought about the matter at all. And it was that Hills had already given away his heart to Mrs. Darrell's elder daughter, Violet.

"It will be such a good thing for her, Gertie," exclaimed the colonel's wife, one day, to her old friend. "I can and do congratulate you from the very bottom of my heart. You see, we have known him for years, and he has always been just the same, so straightforward and honest; not one who ran much after girls, though they always seemed willing enough to make up for lost time by running after him. But I never saw him really taken before this—never. And it is such a good thing for Violet."

"Yes, it would be a good thing, I suppose," murmured the mother, her thoughts flying sadly back to the gallant lover who had wooed and won her, who had been the gay and gallant lover to the end, although he had never had the strength of purpose to keep away from the accursed green tables for her sake and the sake of the little children for whom he professed such fondness.

"You suppose! My dear girl, the man has four thousand a year and other expectations," cried the colonel's wife, whose tact of sound and practical common sense was perhaps stronger than her love of romance, and who had never seen any reason why her husband's loss because he was amply blessed with the good things of this world, or felt the least inclination to prefer any other man to him because he might be a few inches taller, or because he possessed the attraction of being, so far as she was concerned, forbidden fruit.

And then the Royal Horse got their orders for India, and the time seemed to have come for Hills to speak out and secure his love, if he meant to speak at all.

The summer had slipped away, the autumn had come and gone, and winter was in the midst of its frosty reign. It was a real, old-fashioned winter, such as our fathers and mothers talk about and the Christmas cards glory in; and when the final orders for the Royal Horse reached the regiment, the officers, like everyone else in the neighborhood, were in full swing and enjoyment of skating. For a wonder Hills had not been out all that day, but he went up to the Priory to find the ladies just returned and entertaining four or five young subalterns to afternoon tea, and a word alone with Violet he could not get.

"Do you skate to-morrow?" he asked; "or rather, will you wait here for me alone? I want to see you; I've ordered the carriage, and I—I—well, you know what I want to say, don't you?"

And Violet, turning scarlet and then white, said "Yes."

CHAPTER IV.

"HE COMETH NOT!"

Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading.
King Henry VIII., Act. 2, Sc. 2.

When the morrow came, there was not the very least sign of the frost giving way. The little snow that was left on the road sides and in the garden paths was as hard as rock, and as unyielding as it had been the day before. The air was keen and cold, the wind fresh and cutting, the sky dull and leaden.

At the Priory they kept the fires blazing cheerily, and shivered in spite of them; for the Darrells, having been used so long to the southern winters, felt the sharp frost terribly, although they said that it was lovely, and that they simply gloried in a real, old-fashioned, English winter; and of course the one who prophesied the most about her delight therein was Georgie, the one who invariably contrived to get the chair nearest to the fire and the one seat in a room which was most completely out of the draughts.

She came into the drawing-room about two o'clock that afternoon, rubbing her chilly little white hands together, her teeth chattering, and her shoulders shrugged up almost to her ears. "How ridiculously warm and 'comfy' you look," she said to Violet, who was deep in a novel of Miss Broughton's; "but isn't it about time we were going off to the Round Pond?"

Violet's pretty pink cheeks deepened a tint, and she replied with an assumption of carelessness really admirable in its way, that she did not feel inclined to skate that day; Georgie could go without her.

"Not skate!" Georgie cried as if the other was voluntarily giving up Paradise without any adequate or apparent reason. "Oh! Vi—but how absurd! Aren't you well?"

"Oh, yes, but I don't feel inclined," returned Violet, turning yet redder. "I am very cosy where I am, and you can go just as well without me, Georgie, and I've got letters to write, and I'm not going to skate."

Georgie looked at her sister, and then sank down in a heap on the rug and spread her little hands out to the warmth of the blazing fire. "Do you know what mother is going to do to-day?" she asked.

"Yes, she is going to the Lyttletons' with Mrs. Seymour," Violet replied.

"Well, then, I don't think I shall skate either," she said, deliberately, keeping her attention well fixed on the tips of her outspread fingers.

"There is no reason why you should stop at home for me," exclaimed Violet, hastily.

"Well, I'll go into town then, and see about my blue frock. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I want some more gold beads from Mrs. Jenkins," replied the elder girl, in great relief at her sister's answer.

But it was some time before little Miss Georgie got off; and Violet was nervous in the rays of the firelight that Violet began to lie on with dread to every footfall on the icebound path without, knowing well that if Mr. Hills made his appearance before Georgie was safely out of the house that the walk into Idleminster would be abandoned.

"It will be

He Was Not Exactly Handsome.

Chorus of Bathers—The sea-serpent! the sea-serpent!

Mr. Graveley (coming out)—Th' folks down here seem ter be pretty blumed modest for New Yorkers I swow!—*Judge.*

"Don" at Queenstown and Blarney.

(Continued from Page Three.)

did not care to have a dispute with their landlord, when without judge or jury they could be dumped into a stone coffin and rot or starve to death as it pleased the rats or their noble master's fancy.

At the gate on the top of the hill the guide looked inquiringly for his tip, and sadly remarked that he could go no further as a lady would now take us in charge.

The new Blarney castle, which is to the left as you enter the gate, is almost a palace and is quite close to the ruin, and its modern beauty adds the strength of contrast to the picturesque old ruin. We enter the door of the castle and stand in the courtyard with the visitors' book before us and have the pleasure of registering our names a few lines below that of John L. Sullivan, whose gentlemanly habits would have well fitted him to have been master of the demesne when Cormack McCarthy ruled the roost. Built in the solid masonry of the wall a winding stone stairway leads to the top. It is only a little over a hundred and thirty feet, but by the time one winds round and round a dozen times on those well-worn steps, with occasional glimpses of a little stone room a half-a-dozen feet square, it seems like a mile and a half. The little narrow windows shown in the larger illustration of the castle, looking like slits in the wall, furnish the light from the outside, while an occasional break in the ruin permits the eye to wander to the courtyard below. At the top you emerge on a grassy ledge which is shown in illustration No. 5. The parapet extends out beyond the wall, and along the inner edge there are holes through which the followers of the late Earl McCarthy used to drop rocks on the heads of their opponents who assembled too close to the base. The parapet and the little turrets which surmount it are mostly in ruins. The famous "Blarney Stone" is a large block which, showing signs of giving away, is supported by iron rods, as shown in illustration Nos. 2 and 5, where the bars holding it up look like a key-stone. This stone is at the base of the parapet, where it projects from the main wall, though it is said that a smaller and much more accessible "Blarney Stone" at one time existed in the castle; but some one, not satisfied with kissing it, carried it off, and it was replaced by one quite hard to get at. Illustration No. 4, taken from a photograph for sale by Miss Smith, is one of the Irish jokes said to illustrate the difficulties of kissing the "Blarney Stone," but:

"There is a stone there, whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquint,
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of sweet Parliament;
A clever spouter he'll shure turn out, or
An out-an-outer to be let alone,
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him—
Shure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

It is a purely imaginary sketch, though a good picture of the wall. Of course it is a Yankee who is trying to kiss the stone. In the United States the jokes are mostly leveled at the Irishman, and in Ireland, on the stage and in the concert halls and picture papers, the Yankee is generally the subject of merriment. The real method of kissing the stone is shown in illustration No. 5, where a man has taken his coat off and is clinging to one of the iron rods, and bending down to reach it. It is about six inches below the ledge on which his knees are resting, and it is not very hard to get at, though while you are looking down, as the subject of the illustration is, the hundred and thirty feet below make it rather a spooky position, as the hole is quite large enough for a man to drop through, and it would be "good-bye, McCarthy," with him sure. The same illustration gives a very good idea of the arches which support the masonry on which the men are resting. Very few people care to venture near the grass-grown edge, though I saw an Irish girl sitting on one of the points above the "stone," gaily swinging her brogans through the air and looking down, unmoved, at the depths below, as well as unmindful of how her feet obscured the landscape. My companion sat down on a rock and inquired if I were not going to kiss the stone. I asked if he would promise not to tell, but he said he would make no rash vows, but that he was anxious to see me get into position. I believe I would have tried it, for it isn't a dangerous feat, only there were thirty or forty excursionists all sitting around waiting for someone to make a sight of himself trying to kiss that stone. I wear too large a vest to bend very gracefully, and I could not but laugh to think how absurd I would look sprawling on the ground trying to duck my head into a hole to get at the stone. I couldn't stand ridicule well enough to try it, even though several of the ladies said they would do it if I would. I had grave doubts of the fulfilment of the promise, and though I loitered around waiting to be left alone to have a try at it, I had to go away without saluting the sacred shrine of taffy and insincerity.

The poet who wrote the little verses I have quoted above is alone responsible for making Blarney a household word and for having caused the castle to be of special interest. There are a hundred other ruins quite as picturesque and full of more valuable historic reminiscence, but no one goes to the South of Ireland without visiting Blarney, and I am sure I do not regret it, for in the village I made the acquaintance of Miss Smith, a little sketch of whose lovely face appears in the initial letter of this article. She is a maiden lady of forty-five summers, though she refuses to confess to more than thirty-five. She is as thoroughly Irish as Blarney itself, but she professes to be an Englishwoman, though her brogue in every syllable testifies to the error of her memory. She keeps the principal inn in the village and sells curiosities, and a smarter woman than Miss Smith is hard to find. By all the wiles of her sex and the cleverness of her nationality she coyly loads up the visitor with a stock of penholders, paper knives, photographs, song-books, pin-cushions and other souvenirs, all made in Blarney, though the counterpart of each article can, excepting the photographs, be purchased at Niagara Falls. In the first bloom of a newly-born friendship and sweet confidence she will confess to you that she has a piece of real Irish lace, which, as you have bought so much, she will give to you for a trifle. Then she produces a fabric from the looms of Nottingham, and sweetly murmurs a price which will make the head of even the most extravagant American tourist swell visibly. Miss Smith, the memory of you is one of the dearest I have of Ireland! One more hour in that chamber of curios and I think I would have had to beg my way to Queenstown and ship homeward as a sailor before the mast.

The ride back to our hotel was a delightful one along the Lee, and we arrived in Cork just in time to hear from the high tower of Shandon Church—

"Those bells of Shandon,
Which sound so grand on
The quiet waters of the River Lee."

Next week I will deal with Killarney, and I hope to give you some very pretty pictures.

DON.

Grimsby Park.

At last I have wiped away one of the reproaches of my life. I have seen Grimbsy Park and its camping ground, for on Monday I went, saw, and was conquered in the land of camp meetings, and the home of Revivalism. Nothing astonished me more than the number of fellow citizens one sees on landing at the wharf. A short walk to the hotel and other places of interest soon made me aware that Grimsby is only a smaller Toronto-across-the-lake, undergoing a process of recuperation.

It must be confessed that the cottages are a trifle too near each other as compared with Lorne Park and other places of resort, but what is lacking in beauty is amply atoned for in sociability. Dulness need never obtain at Grimsby unless you are very unevenly balanced. There is everything to tempt you. The temple, built by Solomon Phelps of St. Catharines, appeals to the spiritually-minded. To be properly exact I may say that there is a misnomer somewhere. Mr. Phelps' given name, it appears, is Noah, but it seems to me a departure from the unities to address the builder of a temple by any other name than that of David's royal son. Now Mr. Phelps' given name is undoubtedly Noah, but if this gets out people will insist on calling his conception "The Ark," and the latter is obnoxious to the worthy president of the O. M. C. G. A. I can assure you Mr. Phelps has the thing down pretty finely. He can tell you to a dot how many nails have been fired into the structure, the height of the dome is no mystery to him, and the quantity of lumber used in that vast pile is not an unknown quantity as far as the builder of it is concerned.

Grimsby Park is abreast of the times, for Grimsby Park has a "bobby"—a "cop" or a "peeler" whichever you like to call him. I recognized him at once, not by the uniform he wore, for that was completely hidden by dust— No! it was the "Move-on-there-will-yez-or-I'll-run-yez-in,"—look that convinced me I was standing in the presence of the Law. I moved on. Pardon me! I am digressing. I was speaking of the means for driving dull care away at Grimsby, when I branched off into "bobbyism." But somehow of late whenever I think of a Methodist clergyman, my thoughts instantaneously fly to the henchmen of Col. Grasett.

All ages and dispositions are provided for by the wisdom of the association. The home meadow to the west provides recreation for the lovers of base ball, lacrosse and the sports of athletic youth. To the dabblers in the art naty one of the finest natural beaches in Canada greets you with an honest welcome. Gossip—for church folks are dabs at gossip—has a home everywhere. It may have been a stranger once, but it has been taken in long ago, and is now treated as one of the family. To sum up the situation, I found an *olla podrida* of gossip, boating, bathing, flirting and angling, with religion thrown in to leaven the whole, and what more do you want?

Comfort, religion and a fat dividend are the things aimed at in the management of affairs at Grimsby. There the waters of Salvation are free, but the visitor must pay for the hydrant, and the latter in this case is the camp ground association.

I put up at the Lake View House. Here I found a landlord and his wife who are thoroughly up to their business. No bang up arrangements here for the acquirement of eternal dyspepsia, but an honest meal served in a cleanly fashion, with the beef cut thin and the mutton cut thick, which as every right minded Briton knows is the proper caper.

The clock striking the hour of seven and the angry tooting of the Greyhound tore me away from half an hour's pleasant chat on the verandah of Ostend Cottage, known to Grimsbeians as the residence of Rev. Manly Benson and his amiable family, but not before I had jotted down the names of the following Torontonians who are now sojourning at Grimsby:

Mrs. Gooderham, the Misses Dora, Madge, Muriel and Dell Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gooderham, Dr. Sutherland and family. Rev. Manly Benson, Mrs. Benson, Miss Benson, Miss Flo Benson and Miss Dora Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, are staying at Holmwood; also the Misses Wilkinson. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are known at Penchurst; Mr. Sanderson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Faircloth and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gurd, Dr. Parker, Mr. Ross Cuthbert, Mr. Willie Blight, Mr. Galley and family, Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Nivens, Dr. Hunter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Burns and the Misses Burns. At the Lakeview Hotel are registered Mr. G. E. Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, Messrs. Jas. Cosgrave, Richard E. Henat, H. A. Jackson, H. A. Bruce, Dr. Young, the Misses Hamilton. Johnston, Ferguson and Jennings, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Morphy, Misses Maggie Score and Ida Boon.

A Lofty Mission.

"I suppose you share the general dislike to cigarettes, Miss Lancely?" said young Scythe, who is a victim to the health-destroying habit.

"Not entirely," she responded.

"Ah! You are not one of the devotees to the aromatic weed, are you?"

"Not at all, but at the same time I think cigarettes have a lofty mission."

"What is it?"

"They make angels, Mr. Smythe."

His Theory Beats the World.

Scalply—Lambkin lost his last dollar yesterday in one of his sure ventures.

Shaver—Jove, that hard lines. Just as he was going to publish his new book, too.

Scalply—What book was that?

Shaver—"How to Get Rich in Wall Street" was the title.

Correct Dress.

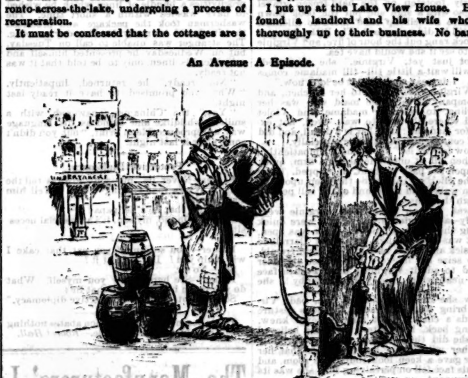
It is surprising how few correctly dressed men are to be seen in so large a city, even, as Toronto. Those who wear elegant clothes are plenty, but elegant garments alone do not enable one to dress correctly. Unless one has cultivated taste or employs a valet who has, he can no more dress properly than a Digger Indian can speak good English. The tailor, if an artist and careful student of dress, can, of course instruct his customer what to wear from hat to boots, but such tailors are not to be found in every place where garments are made to order. They should be, of course, but what should be and what is are two different things. Every day we see scores of men wearing costly suits with shabby hats, clumsy shoes, and badly dressed necks; every day we see elegant and beautifully fitting coats ruined in appearance by having the pockets filled with letters, cigar cases and what not, until they bulge out like stuffed carpet bags, and every day we see in neckties, coats, vest and trousers colors so absolutely inharmonious that their wearer looks like a nightmare.

The man who wears a sack suit and a plug hat at a picnic, or a Prince Albert suit with a straw hat to church, however costly the garments are, is badly dressed, and sins against good taste and the tailor.

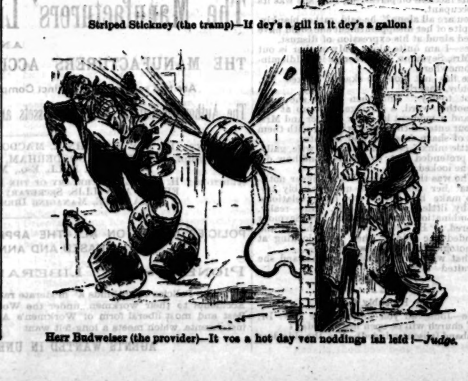
It seems wicked to ruin the appearance of an elegant suit by hat, tie or shoes, and every tailor should not only protest against it, but should, also, by dressing correctly himself, illustrate the desirability of doing so and assist in educating the taste of others.

NOW SATURDAY NIGHT would strongly advise those wishing any information on this subject to pay a visit to the fashionable English and American tailoring establishment of Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rosalin House Block, Toronto.

An Avenue A Episode.



Striped Stickney (the tramp)—If dey's a gill in it dey's a gallon!



Herr Budweiser (the provider)—It vos a hot day ven noddings ish left!—*Judge.*

W. C. MURRAY
FASHIONABLE TAILOR
279 YONGE STREET
FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

Have you been at
CHEESEWORTH'S
THE TAILOR
If not you should go at once and see his magnificent assortment of new goods, for both Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear, comprising all the novelties for the coming season. His facilities for doing business are unequalled in the Dominion (separate departments for Ladies' work).
106 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

DANCING
Who is the Leading Teacher of Toronto? - - Prof. Davis
Who has taught 11,000 pupils in Toronto? - - Prof. Davis
Who has been teaching 29 years in Toronto? - Prof. Davis
Who wrote and published the only book on dancing in Canada? - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Jumpe?" - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Ripple?" - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Broncho?" - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Navy Schottische?" - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Gavotte Lancers?" - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Frolique?" - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who composed and published piano music for the above dances - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the only Court dance "La Pavane," as danced at the Art Fair? - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Morris Dance," (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Maypole Dance" (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Rondes" to enter (Art Fair) Prof. Davis
Who taught the Ladies their "March," (Art Fair) - - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who teaches at five of the Principal Ladies' Seminaries in Toronto - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who is the Leading Teacher of Stately Parlor Dancing in Canada - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
PROF. DAVIS
WILL RESUME CLASSES SEPT. 1st
Academy—77 Wilton Avenue

EDWARDS'
DESICCATED SOUP
UNEQUALLED FOR
Health, Strength, Economy and Convenience
INDISPENSIBLE DURING THE
CAMPING OUT SEASON
Makes rich soup or delicious flavoring in a few minutes. Put up in tins at 15, 25 and 40c. For sale by all grocers.
Be Sure and Try It.

Dineens' Great Hat Sale
WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY
We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits—the manufacturer's and our own—which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.
W. & D. DINEEN
Cor. King and Yonge Sts.
Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

WHEATON & CO.
ALWAYS AHEAD WHEN A NEW
London Style
COMES OUT. SEE THE LATEST
NEW SCARFS
"THE LOUIS PHILLIPE"
"THE VIVIAN"
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. ALSO
NEW ENGLISH COLLARS
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST
COR. JORDAN.

THE ALTERATIONS GOING ON AT
DORENWEND'S
PARIS HAIR WORKS
Will place the Establishment as the finest and largest of its kind in America.
Every convenience is being put in.
The facilities for Manufacturing the finest HAIR GOODS are unequalled.
The Salesroom accommodation will be the most complete in the City.
The department for Ladies Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Cutting, etc., is most perfect.
The Gentlemen's Hair Dressing Department is being thoroughly overhauled, and when finished will be the neatest in Toronto.
Only First-class Artisans employed in every department.
If you want anything in this line be sure to call at the leading house in Canada.
A. DORENWEND
PARIS HAIR WORKS,
103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

J. F. THOMSON GEO. DUNSTAN
THOMSON & DUNSTAN
Real Estate Brokers
FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE AGENTS
Mail Building - Bay Street
TELEPHONE 1327

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

LAWN TENNIS SETS
AT
$7.00, $8.50, $10, $12.50, $15, $17.50, $20
SPLENDID VALUE
QUA & CO.
49 King St. West

For Bravais is a new preparation of iron suitable for women and children suffering from poverty of the blood and extreme pallor. It is highly spoken of by the *British Medical Journal* and the *Lancet*. An eminent London physician says he has given it in cases where no other form of iron could be taken. It has all the good effects of iron without disturbing the digestion or destroying the teeth. I am not sure, however, that it is to be obtained from our druggists, but there would be no harm done by inquiring, nor if obtained in giving it a fair trial. A lotion for the removal of tan and freckles may be made from cucumber in the following manner: Slice a fresh cucumber; soak for four or five hours in sufficient rose water to cover the slices. When all the juice has been extracted add half as much glycerine as you have rose water and cucumber juice. Apply before retiring. To remove pimples try the following wash: Precipitated sulphur one drachm, rectified spirits one ounce. Mix, and shake before using. Rub into the skin with a tuft of wool and let it dry. It might be advisable to take internally something like sulphur salts, building up afterwards with Fer Bravais or some other preparation of iron.

*

Sacks are worn in every conceivable fashion and being chiefly of some very soft material they can be wrapped twice about the figure without adding greatly to its circumference. Some are worn twisted tightly about the waist once, the ends crossed, carried round loosely a second time and knotted an inch or two below the waist line at one side. Some encircle the waist closely and are tied primly in front. Others have ribbons fastened to each shoulder with rosettes resembling braces, ending at the small of the back under the large loops and ends which fall over the back drapery. The sash of the directoire costume is worn very much under the arms to give a short-waisted appearance. To obtain this effect with any style of bodice the ribbon is fastened with flowers or a lace pin to the dress at a point just above the middle of the bust, taken under the arms, crossed at the back and tied in front in a bow with long ends. Then there is a way of tying the sash closely or loosely about the waist as may be most becoming to the figure, having the bow and ends behind.

*

Two pretty dresses I saw worn on King street last week were of Swiss and dotted muslin respectively. The Swiss muslin, of French white, was worn by a black-haired sylph of fifteen. The skirt was very full and plain with only a hem about a foot in depth by way of finish. The waist was in narrow tucks to fit the shoulders and in broader ones just below the bust. A sash of the material was wound twice about her form tying in front, and was so arranged as to give her a very short waist. Her sleeves were tucked from shoulder to elbow to fit the arm, and from thence puffed down to the wrist, where they were narrowed again by deeper tucks. She wore an art bonnet of shirred white mull muslin, low shoes, black stockings and mitts, and looked very much as her grandmother must have looked at the same age. The dotted muslin of which I have spoken was one of those to be obtained in most shops at 12½c. a yard. It was of a very deep cream tint and with a low lining in the bodice and unlined sleeves, leg of mutton fashion, and voluminous draperies made the wearer look as though she floated rather than walked.

*

A stylish black and white stripe, suitable for second mourning, had a blouse waist made in front, with a yoke only, deep enough to run from the top button out to each shoulder tip. The material was gathered full on this yoke, and had a band of smocking just above the bust. The sleeves and draperies were smocked, the last named being open at one side over a panel of black and white embroidery. Smocking has a peculiarly striking effect in striped material. I have, however, heard a good many disparaging remarks made as to its popularity with "everybody," which means the "nobodies." Perhaps it may lessen the anxieties of the somebodies, who do not already know it, to learn that smocking comes under the head of art needlework, and specimens of artistic and elaborately varied designs should be, and are in some families treasured almost as greatly as rare and expensive laces, and, like these, are still of artistic and intrinsic value, no matter by whom made.

*

Handkerchiefs are again worn *en boquet*. Many dresses of washing material are made with collars turned over in Byronic fashion. I must not forget to mention, before the occurrence of another washing day, that starch is no longer in vogue for wash dresses, as, to fill the requirements of to-day, they must cling like cerements, and give their wearers the appearance of having lately accomplished the feat of passing through a gold ring. I confess I never admired the rattling, crackling sound accompanying the movements of a much bestarched female. But I am aware of the comparative solitude of my position. I know a little girl who fancies all earthly happiness is comprised in the possession of "squeaking boots and tumberfie sleeves," and I know many children of a larger growth whose highest conception of playing well the part of a lady, does not carry them beyond the wearing of the self-asserting loudness of stiffly-starched skirts. Now that the fad has gone forth, however, they will have to seek some other mode of vindicating their social importance.

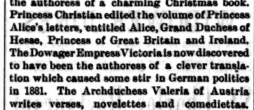
*

Collars on stuff dresses are higher than ever. This is to suit the directoire style. An English paper says: "Directoire gowns are said to be the fashion of the future and of the immediate present." The same paper also states that there is no doubt that for London wear tailor made gowns are superseded by a more feminine style. Accordeon plaiting is revived for skirts, and among the fancies in resurrected flouncing is the full, cascaded chicoree ruche, cabbage ruching I have sometimes heard it called. This is generally pinked out on the edges.

*

Many royal personages are dabblers in literature. Of these it is probable that Queen Victoria of England and Queen Elizabeth of Roumania derive the largest profits from their work. Queen Elizabeth has written almost every style of literature under the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva. Princess Beatrice is the authoress of a charming Christmas book. Princess Christian edited the volume of Princess Alice's letters, entitled Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. The Dowager Empress Victoria is now discovered to have been the authoress of a clever translation which caused some stir in German politics in 1881. The Archduchess Valeria of Austria writes verses, novelettes and comediettas. Italy's popular queen is also literary. As a rule, however, those who have children find they have other things to attend to. Even Queen Victoria waited until her children had got over the teething process before dipping into literary work.

NUOVA AULA.



I have received a programme of the great Birmingham Musical Festival which takes place Aug. 28 to 31. This is really the greatest musical event in the world. More great works, depending absolutely on their musical excellence alone, have been brought before the public at these triennial festivals than under any other auspices. Mendelssohn's Elijah, without which hardly any musical festival is complete, received its first performance at Birmingham in 1846, under the composer's own direction, after his St. Paul and Hymn of Praise had been produced at the same place in 1837 and 1840 respectively. Eli and Naaman by Sir Michael Costa were first sung here and among the later original productions have been Sterndale Bennett's Woman of Samaria, probably best known by its beautiful quartette God is a Spirit; Benedict's St. Peter; Sullivan's Light of the World; Macfarren's Resurrection, and Gade's Zion; while the two last festivals were the occasion of the first appearance of Gounod's great works: The Redemption and Mors et Vita. A number of secular compositions also saw the light at these festivals, the latest of which was the Spectre's Bride by Dvorak, which was sung by the Toronto Philharmonic Society a year ago.

*

As Toronto has now joined the ranks of those cities which hold musical festivals, a little information concerning the Birmingham event will probably be acceptable to any musical readers. These festivals date back to 1768 when the first was held, and since 1799 they have taken place triennially, and are given in aid of a general hospital. The profits of these entertainments are very large, having ranged from £3,360 to £6,577 during the last twenty years. But then the prices are high too, reserved seats for morning performances being a guinea, with fifteen shillings for evening concerts. It is a curious reversal of our own customs to find that the morning or matinee prices are higher than those of the evening, but it is probably due to the fact that the people of leisure attend the day performance, leaving the evening for those who are engaged during the day.

*

The chorus numbers one hundred sopranos, ninety tenors, ninety altos, and ninety basses, three hundred and seventy in all, and you may be quite sure that they are picked voices—no dummies. The orchestra this year numbers one hundred and thirty-seven pieces with thirty-two additional brass instruments for Berlioz' Messe des Morts. The difference in the proportion between the instrumental and choral forces is very much greater than is customary in America. At the largest festivals here, the Cincinnati and Chicago events, the chorus numbers from seven to nine hundred, and the band never exceeds one hundred and thirty or forty. This difference, however, is not so great as it seems, for the Birmingham chorus is composed of unusually full and fine voices, who are so perfectly trained that they show no weak passages, and are fully equal to six or seven hundred of the ordinary American choristers. Among the soloists are Madame Albani, Madame Patti, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, all of whom, except Mr. Lloyd, have been heard in Toronto.

*

Among the works to be performed at Birmingham this year are the Elijah, the Messiah, Dvorak's Stabat Mater, the Golden Legend, Handel's Saul, Bach's Magnificat and the Messe des Morts. Then there is a list of new works composed specially for the festival which includes Dr. Parry's Judith and Holofernes, Dr. Mackenzie's Cottar's Saturday Night and Dr. Bridge's Callirhoe. The Berlioz Requiem is one of the most stupendous works I ever heard. At Chicago, in 1884, I heard it sung by a chorus of nine hundred voices, with Theodore Thomas' orchestra augmented to one hundred instruments. In the Tuba Mirum, representing the call to the Resurrection, these forces are increased by the addition of four brass bands of eight pieces each, stationed at the four corners of the chorus seats. These bands come into the work one after the other. They are finally joined by all the brass in the orchestra, and if they do not succeed in waking the dead, they certainly wake all the sleepers in the neighborhood.

*

Mme. Lilli Lehmann, who raised such a storm at our Festival in '85, has been losing her temper again. This time at St. Louis, where she assailed the orchestra composed of Theodore Thomas' own men, and the conductor, Herr Froehlich, for general all-round inefficiency. She pitched into everybody, and there was a grand scene. She refused to sing any more, and it was only when threatened with the loss of her salary and a suit for damages that she continued. Lilli can sing, but she is frightfully particular as to her accompaniments, especially now, when she insists that her little husband, Paul Kalisch, must be engaged wherever she sings, a condition which cost her an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

*

We may expect little Pauline Lucca here this season. She sang most delightfully in Toronto in 1874, and was a great success. Emma Juch has retired from the operatic stage for two years, and has gone to Europe to rest.

*

Music is beginning to look up a very little in Toronto in spite of the hot weather. The choir of Sherbourne street Methodist Church will hold a Nautical At Home on the Cibola, at which some music, all of a marine nature, will be performed on board under Mr. Warrington's direction. Another marine event will be the excursion of Dr. R. H. Robinson's friends to the Chautauqua Temple at Niagara-on-the-Lake, per Cibola, on Friday, July 27, when music will be furnished on board by Mrs. Bradley, Miss Langstaff, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Arlidge, under Mr. Schuch's direction. The Philharmonic Society will picnic at Lorne Park on Friday, July 20, but whether there will be any music has not yet transpired.

*

The opera company which opened at the Island Casino has returned to New York, not having met with the public support which it expected and which the excellence of its performance really deserved.

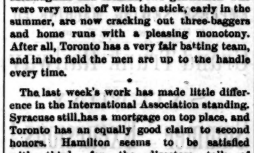
*

A most pleasing entertainment was given at Surrey Lodge, the beautiful residence of Mr. Irving Walker, on Tuesday evening. It took the shape of an out-door concert, in which the music was provided by the Washington Quintette, who had been left here, stranded, by the famous Mr. Doutney. With the glamour of beautiful shrubbery, Chinese lanterns, etc., the old plantation songs were most enjoyable, and harmony floated sweetly on the soft night air.

*

A most delightful affair was Mrs. E. King Dodds' musicale last Tuesday evening. Miss King Dodds and Mr. Harry Jarvis were in excellent voice, and very pleasant it was to listen to Miss Geikie's violin selections. This young lady is an artist of no ordinary ability, and plays with an expression and feeling that needs but to be heard to be appreciated. Dr. Geikie gave ample evidence of his being thoroughly at home with pianoforte music in a well chosen and faultlessly executed selection. A recitation by Mr. R. L. Patterson was a most acceptable feature of the evening. Professor Emilio Agramonte, a New York baritone, played several accompaniments during the evening. Mrs. King Dodds is certainly to be congratulated upon the success of last Tuesday's musicale.

METRONOME.



SPORTING EVENTS TO-DAY.

Cricket.

Toronto v. Rosedale, Toronto ground, half-day.

Lacrosse.

Toronto v. Athletics, Rosedale grounds, 3 o'clock.

Yachting.

Toronto Yacht Club's fifth-class race.

*

Manager Cushman seems to have hit on about the best batting order for the team. Rickley is a good man to open the ball, and Connors backs him up well. Have you noticed how Burke has fallen off in batting? At the beginning of the season he was about as safe a hitter as there was on the nine, but his hands seem to have lost their cunning. And McLaughlin and Kearns, two gentlemen who were very much off with the stick, early in the summer, are now cracking out three-baggers and home runs with a pleasing monotony. After all, Toronto has a very fair batting team, and in the field the men are up to the handle every time.

*

The last week's work has made little difference in the International Association standing. Syracuse still has a mortgage on top place, and Toronto has an equally good claim to second honors. Hamilton seems to be satisfied with third, for the directors talk of selling to Buffalo Andrus, Visner and Knight, three men whose places it will be all but impossible to fill with the season so far advanced. They have struck luck in getting Lynch for first baseman. He is a smooth article at the bag in the hole, and he can bat as well as any of them. Swartwood, who unsuccessfully tried to cover first, is now doing good work in the right garden.

*

Oswego never was much of a ball town, and now she has added to her unsatisfactory reputation by dropping out of the Eastern International League. Kingston, Watertown and Belleville have patched up the schedule between them, but the interest in the games will be greatly diminished. Toronto's young men, Gloster and Somers, are doing great work for Kingston, and the local papers are heaping honors on their head. Another Torontonian who is to play for an outside town, is Jim McKinley who left Wednesday for Canandaigua, N. Y., where he will pitch for the town club.

*

The American papers take the victory of the United States representatives very impassively. They are about right when they say the better eleven won. The match is now away back but the near approach of the date of the Irish Gentlemen's visit makes it necessary for every man who is up to playing against the Hibernians to practice assiduously. From what trans-Atlantic papers say, we may expect a very strong eleven.

At Ottawa next week the annual Inter-provincial match between Ontario and Quebec will be played. In former seasons this match preceded the International and was as a consequence looked forward to with a good deal of interest. The facts of its coming as a kind of after-piece this season will rob it of much of its importance, but that fact should make no difference to any men selected to play upon either eleven. Ottawa is very fairly cool nowadays, in fact, the summer is the only time when the place is worth a visit to. By the way, Ottawa papers have commenced most unnecessarily to prefix Mr. to the names in cricket scores. In England there is a necessity for the use of the handle to a man's name, on account of the many professionals playing. Over here we are not bothered by many pros., and we don't want any of this Mr. business. Any sane man can see why.

*

Great is the disgust expressed by some of the Canadians who didn't do anything in the International match. One has taken a vow never to play again, but he will be at the ground in a few days. It's funny how some men become disgusted and won't play because they haven't done well in some particular match. Why a man should threaten to abandon the game on this account is more than I can understand, but men are doing it every little while.

*

The Duke of York intends taking his Rovers on their excursion in a short time. He has a strong eleven and should return with a creditable record of wins. The Duke is playing great cricket just now. Some of the Americans who saw him batting in the smokers' match after the international wanted to know why he wasn't on the Canadian eleven, and he would have been better than some of them, for a fact. Talking of the international, perhaps you have noticed that George W. Jones politely disregarded the hints of the *Empire's* young man and captained the eleven. Teddy Ogden hadn't seen the paragraph until I showed it to him, and he was very much amused—as was everyone else, for that matter. As Teddy said, "We have to make allowances, you know." I notice the *Empire* apprises the public of Frank Harley's retirement from cricket. This is only partially true, as Harley will at any rate play to the close of this season.

*

'Rah for the Argonauts. Their junior four are the champions of America. The results of hard and systematic training are obvious at last, and the club is jubilant. Of course the four won't have the pleasure of rowing a race at the National regatta, but they will be champions just the same. The Toronto Rowing Club is trying to get together a scratch junior four, and there is very little probability of their being successful. The Toronto Club will have the famous big four at the regatta and they will do their best to uphold the honor of the club. Wright, the Thompson brothers and Grinstead left on Thursday for Sunbury, taking with them J. J. Ryan. Wright tells me that the new man Grinstead is doing very well indeed. He pulls a strong oar and is very careful. The race at Sunbury will be his first appearance in the club crew and the T. R. C's. friends will muster in goodly number to witness the race. Report sayeth, moreover, that many fat wads will journey with their owners to the regatta.

*

The talk of the town is regatta just now. The near approach of the C. A. A. O's. annual is rousing the committee and the arrangements are well under way, in fact everything is pretty well fixed. Of course the great event will be the senior four-oared race, for which there are many entries. The challenge cup which will go into the winner's hands is worth $600. For a wonder the railways have decided to give a regatta a square show for once and will carry contestants and their boats free.

*

That should be a great lacrosse match at Rosedale this afternoon when the St. Catharines Athletics do battle with Toronto. The Athletics are no poor club, in fact they are fully up to first-class form. They have been practising hard, which is more than the Torontos can say, and are going to give the home men just about as bad a shake as they will want. The citizens of St. Kitts have organized a big excursion, and will be at the grounds in large numbers. The Toronto men have been putting in little practice, but they have a habit of getting there just the same. By-the-way, I hear that the Toronto club now has under consideration three dates upon which to return the match with Cornwall.

*

Since last Saturday's match in this city the Ottawa club has come to the conclusion that it can place in the field a twelve which could just about beat Toronto. That the capital men can defeat the Cornwalls, everybody in Ottawa thinks is certain, notwithstanding the fact that they didn't do it on a former occasion. The papers prophesy victory the next time the two clubs meet, and then the ever victorious Torontos are to be encountered. This is a nice looking programme, but from what unprejudiced men say I think the Cornwalls will be just about enough to stop the Ottawas. The Capitals have completely dropped out of first-class company. They think the intermediate championship good enough for them. To-day they play the Young Shamrocks and next Saturday they will do battle against the Sherbrookes. The defection of a number of their best men sent the club away down, and the committee, recognizing the truth of the assertion made by Montreal *Sport* that Ottawa couldn't support two first-class senior clubs decided to enter the twelve in the N. A. L. A. intermediate series.

*

Away over in Ireland a young man from an Ontario village is inspiring the Hibernians with his shot-putting feats. George R. Gray, who has been gobbled up by the New York Athletic, although he was at first a Toronto Club man, is slinging the shot and the 56 lb. weight as far as ever, in fact, he now holds the championship of Ireland for both. At the hop-step-and-jump he came in second. It must be interesting to see what the Irish papers have to say about him.

*

His many friends in Toronto will regret the departure for his British Columbia home of Sam Shultz. He has concluded his course in arts and baseball at Toronto University, and is now a B. A., and an accomplished pitcher. To his efforts entirely are due the thanks of the undergrads for organizing the first ball team in connection with a Canadian university. Shultz intends studying law in this city, and will return in the early autumn.

*

This doesn't seem exactly the sort of weather in which either to write or talk of football. The English fifteen is having a hard time of it in Australia. The Colonials seem too much for them every time, in fact they have won only two games out of eleven. However, they are drawing big gates, which is doubtless an important consideration. The cricketers had a successful season as far as victories go, but the exchequers were seriously depleted. Whether is it better to return home beaten but "in" or the opposite?

YAKATERAG.

Personal.

Miss Alice M. Adams of Chicago is the guest of Mrs. Day of Jarvis street.

Mrs. and the Misses Millet are sojourning at the Seldon House, Owen Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Stevens and son of Detroit, Mich., are here visiting Mrs. S. E. Trent of 141 Bathurst street.

George A. Case has just purchased from C. C. Baines, Mr. J. Turnbull's elegant residence on Spadina Road. It is one of the choicest places in the northwestern part of the city, and has half an acre of ornamental and fruit trees.

Mr. J. T. Wetherald, a partner of the old firm of Pettingill & Co., advertising agents of Boston, is in the city, a guest of Mr. Charles Brown, Isabella street. Mr. Wetherald was in Toronto for several years and has many friends here.

Miss Gurney, who has recently returned after a year's study in the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, entertained a few friends last Wednesday evening at her father's residence, corner Gerrard and Pembroke streets.

Miss Kate C. Strong, who has charge of the musical department in the Mount Forest High School, is in the city and purposes placing herself under the tuition of Signor Agramonte. Miss Strong is a young lady of fine musical gifts and one of the most popular concert singers in Ontario.

George B. Bridgman (pupil of Jerome), son of J. W. Bridgman, artist, late of Toronto, has just received, after a five years' course at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, the highest honor that can be awarded, viz., the gold medal and first prize, special and national, of France, over all competitors, native and foreign, for painting the full length figure from life.

A Bad Man to Thwart.

"Then you absolutely refuse to marry me?" said he.

"I do," was the young lady's firm reply.

"Have a care," Miss Kajones," said the young man, with a dangerous glitter in his eye, "consider the matter well. I am the publisher of an elite directory that is almost ready for the press."

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

FLOWER SHOW

Under the Patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

JULY 18 and 19, 1888.

13th Battalion Band of Hamilton

ON BOTH EVENINGS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. CHILDREN 10 CENTS.

NESTLE'S FOOD

TRADE MARK.

IS ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR

INFANTS

IN HOT WEATHER

IT REQUIRES

ONLY WATER

To make ready for use, and is very effective in the prevention of

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Try it this Summer.

AT

614 and 616

QUEEN ST. WEST

You Can Get the Best Value in

DRY GOODS

IN THE CITY.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

We are inclined more and more, I believe, to make light of the old-fashioned enthusiasm on the Fourth. This is perhaps more marked in the East. Down this way we have become so conventionalized, so trammeled with the fear of giving expression to a healthy sentiment; people are so contained, so self-centered, that the good old idea of patriotism has become, if not a lost sentiment, at least an inactive one. Political, social, and national affairs are accepted as they are, largely of course by the evidence conclusively produced at the polls, that the best element of voters are a passive lot—they have grown indifferent in time. All good citizenship must be founded on the rock of love of country. Our present and permanent national strength is dependent upon keeping before the new generation of native-born, and the new assimilation of foreigners, the idea of American independence, the feeling of freedom, the fact of a national existence founded upon the greatest of all human truths, equality, equal rights, individual freedom. Instead of allowing a decadence of the spirit of patriotism we should now, of all times, in the fruition of the infinite blessings of our established republic, revere and work to perpetuate every impulse, every thought of appreciation.

Mayor Hewitt has done more for the moral and political welfare of our city than any predecessor on record. He has shown himself, in the midst of the most violent opposition a patriot, a man whose political creed is based upon his personal obligations to his trust, to the public, not to the party. He has stood squarely out for the honor of the American citizen, for American ideas, for the flag that signals to every voter in the land his obligation to the States whose stars it bears.

By the way, Mayor Hewitt, in an address to some young folks the other day, expressed himself again on the subject of immigration very definitely. He said he was in favor of a fourteen or even twenty-one years' residence before naturalization.

Thus far the political fever has been very mild; there are yet no marked indications of a general rising temperature. The ratification meeting given at the Metropolitan Opera House called forth considerable interest, but its effect has been forgotten already. Of course the papers endeavor to feed the patients with invigorating pabulum, but it is too far ahead of the crucial period for any great anxiety or special excitement. While the nominations of Harrison and Morton are accepted as excellent, neither of them possesses the personal charm of a Garfield nor the marvelous magnetism of a Blaine. Betting among the down-town business men is about even. I think there is apparent the same cautious spirit of doubt which marked the Democratic force in 1884. They can't feel, even with the certain sort of advantage that occupancy gives, dead sure. The American idea is a great point in the coming campaign; the stars and stripes are a splendid banner, and they will be especially symbolic of the Republican party. The little buttons of red, white and blue are already frequently seen. This sort of badge we can wear and be proud of.

Rich men in New York are plentiful; men whose money runs away up into the hundreds of thousands, but rich men with generous, public-spirited minds are not abundant. I have often observed that gifts of charity, gifts to colleges, hospitals, libraries, etc., are most often from wealthy families who have the resources—the accumulations of several generations. A notable exception, however, was good old Peter Cooper. Two of the widest known rich families of New York, whose public grantings have been conspicuous, are the Astors and the Vanderbilts. The Astor library is a monument, and associates its donor's name with lasting fame. It is, however, a reference library, and but little cared for by, or available to, any but students or specialists.

We have no large public library, such as have Boston, Chicago and many other cities, but soon will have, as the New York Free Circulating Library is rapidly assuming comparative proportions. This was started eight years ago in a very modest way in Bond street, and the books were largely received in the way of private gifts in a general way. Since then there have been added three branches, the generous favors of individuals. The newest, and perhaps in point of equipment the best, is the Jackson Square Library, formally opened last week. This is given complete, building, books, equipment, by George W. Vanderbilt. He is a great reader and a young man of culture and broad sympathies. By such deeds may the rich most conclusively show their interest in and appreciation of the welfare of the people. The readers of the volumes in the new library are mainly of the working class, among them many Germans, who are provided for by a selection of standard authors in their own language.

J. S. of Dale won his reputation on a first book. I should imagine many readers of SATURDAY NIGHT read Guerndale. It had a very wide vogue, and was talked of as a "good story." I was attracted to the book by the *nom de plume*. "J. S. of Dale" has a savor of old romance about it. It conveys a sort of sentiment. Mr. F. J. Stimson—which we all know now is his real name—is a Boston lawyer. He has written a heavy professional sheepskin volume, accepted as an authority, I believe. To see the man is a surprise and a shock to preconceiving ideas. He is tall, fair, slender, rather delicate-looking, talks in a most affected way, suggesting the care to appear superfined by his accent. You hear the Boston "aw." He makes "New Yawk" even more noticeable than most of the natives. All this inclines one to reflect upon the frequency with which men of talent show these seemingly petty weaknesses. Mr. Stimson is a brilliant writer; he puts more clever, sharp dialogue into some of his work than any of our novelists, and he discusses serious questions and social foibles with the knowledge and the skill of a philosopher. His First Harvest entitles him to a high place on the list of American novelists. It shows a natural art, a sure appreciation of character, a showman's confidence in the exhibition of his living human puppets.

CARRINGTON.

Size of the Ocean.

At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr. John Murray of the Challenger expedition, made a communication on The Height and Volume of the Dry Land and the Depth and Volume of the Ocean. According to his own investigations, *Engineering* says, the mean height of the land of the globe was 2,230 feet above the sea level, and the mean depth of the ocean was 12,480 feet, or 2,080 fathoms. If the ocean were regarded as being divided into two parts by the 1,000-fathom line, it would be found that the mean depth of area having less depths than 1,000 fathoms was 2,028 feet, or 338 fathoms, or nearly the same depth beneath the sea as the height of the dry land above it. On the other hand, the mean depth of the area beyond the 1,000 fathoms is 14,640 feet, or 2,440 fathoms. The former area—called by Dr. Murray the "transitional area"—occupies 24,000,000 square miles; and the latter area, which is the abysmal area, and is situated fully three miles below the average heights of the continents, occupies 113,000,000 square miles, or more than half of the surface of the earth. In the transitional area of the ocean there are many and varied conditions in respect of light, heat, currents, changes of level, the character and variety of the deposits, and in the animals and plants which inhabit the various parts of the earth.

The deposits are in most respects similar to those which make up a very large part of the sedimentary formation of the dry land. In the abysmal area there is a uniform set of conditions, the temperature being near the freezing point, with an annual range not exceeding seven degrees Fahrenheit, and there being no sunlight or plant life. There is great abundance of animal life, but the forms from various parts of the area are very similar and unlike those of shallower waters; and the deposits, which accumulate slowly, are unlike any of the sedimentary deposits of dry land. From Dr. Murray's investigation it also appears that if the dry land of the globe were reduced to the sea level by being removed to and piled up in the shallower water of the ocean, then its extent would be about 80,000,000 square miles, and the rest of the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean extending to 113,000,000 square miles. Again, should the whole of the solid land be reduced to one level under the ocean, then the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean with a uniform depth of about two miles.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

AIRD—On July 4, at 77 Crawford street, Mrs. John Aird—a daughter.

DENOVAN—On July 4, at 9 Gloucester street, Mrs. Joshua Denovan—a son.

CROWLEY—On July 5, at 45 Trinity square, Mrs. Crowley—a son.

DEVLIN—On July 6, at 13 Beaconsfield avenue, Mrs. G. A. Devlin—a son.

JOHNSON—On July 6, at 52 Bloor street west, Mrs. Arthur Jukes Johnson—a son.

GHENT—On July 3, at Burlington, Ont., Mrs. D. A. Ghent—a son.

WOOD—On July 1, at Streetsville, Mrs. R. James Wood—a son.

HUNTER—On June 5, at 81 Rose avenue, Mrs. W. L. Hunter—a daughter.

GREER—On June 21, at Cold Springs, Ont., Mrs. T. N. Greer—a son.

LYTLE—On July 2, at Toronto, Mrs. T. A. Lytle—a son.

STEWARD—On June 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Geo. T. Steward—a daughter.

McALLISTER—On June 30, at Toronto, Mrs. C. D. McAllister—a daughter.

WILSON—On July 7, at Chatham, Ont., Mrs. Matthew Wilson—a daughter.

NORRIE—On July 5, at Toronto, Mrs. E. J. C. Norrie—a daughter.

Marriages.

BALL—SHORE—On June 27, at Christ Church, Glanworth, near London, by Venerable Archdeacon Marsh, assisted by Rev. W. Murton Shore, cousin of the bride, and Rev. R. D. Freeman, incumbent, Rev. Clarence Wilmot Ball, eldest son of the late F. A. Ball of Toronto, to Frances, second daughter of Frederick Shore.

SCOTT—YOUNG—On July 3, by Rev. J. M. Cameron, James Scott of Rochester, N.Y., to Annie, daughter of the late George Young of Toronto.

GRANTLEY-GLASGOW—DIXON—On June 11, by Rev. M. Bezzant, Walter Sydney Grantley-Glasgow, late of H. B.M.'s Diplomatic Service, to Margaret Dixon, eldest daughter of Andrew Dixon of Edinburgh, Scotland.

TRESIDER—BIGELOW—On July 4, in Chicago, by Rev. Mr. Stryker, John Trebilcock to Nellie, second daughter of James Bickett of Toronto.

BROWN—TINNEY—On July 3, by Rev. J. M. Cameron, Alexander Brown, miller, Cobourg, to Clara, daughter of John Tinney of Toronto.

MIDGLEY—BARNETT—On July 4, at 371 Bathurst street, by Rev. R. McKee, Frank Midgley to Annie Barnett, both of Toronto.

PIERSON—PEARS—On June 27, at Christ Episcopal Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, by Rev. Malcolm Seffords, Fred B. Pierson of St. Paul, to Marie E. Pears, third daughter of George Pears of 15 Grosvenor street, Toronto.

SIBLEY—ROBINS—On July 5, at 90 Gloucester street, by Rev. R. A. Bukie, Euston Sibley, B.A., M. B., to Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Robins.

TYTLER—MILNE—On July 11, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., John Tytler, to Annie, daughter of Wm. Milne, all of Toronto.

SCADDING—DONALDSON—On July 11, at St. Paul's Church, by Rev. T. C. Des Barres, assisted by Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D., and Rev. Prof. Clark, LL.D., Rev. Charles Scadding, rector St George's Chapel, New York, to Nellie Davy, eldest daughter J. Stewart Donaldson, Toronto.

WRIGHT—MULHOLLAND—On June 27, at Christ Church, Winnipeg, by Rev. Canon Matheson, Henry A. Wright, M.D., of Oak Lake, to Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of the late Wm. Mulholland, of Toronto.

HENDERSON—HOLWEY—On July 5, at All Saints' Church, by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, rector, Jas. B. Henderson, to Minnie, youngest daughter of T. C. Holwey.

BOYCE—McKENZIE—On July 4, at the manse, Grafton, by Rev. D. L. McRae, M. A., assisted by Rev. W. A. McKenzie, B. A. B. D., brother of the bride, Walter W. Boyce, M.D., of Grafton, to Jessie H., second daughter of the late Rev. Robert McKenzie, M. A.

Deaths.

CUNNINGHAM—On July 9, at 30 Phoebe street, Mrs. Isabella Cunningham, aged 57 years.

MOORE—On July 4, at Toronto, James Moore, aged 40 years.

MEUDELL—At her mother's residence, "Hillside," Belleville, Helen Meudell.

WILSON—On July 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Helen Hunter Wilson.

WALLACE—At Toronto, Mrs. Mary Wallace, aged 50 years.

MACWHITER—On July 5, at Port Dover, John Macwhiter, aged 52 years.

COLE—On July 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Flora Cole, aged 29 years.

HENDERSON—On July 10, at Toronto, Alice Sarah Henderson, aged 1 year and 11 months.

RYAN—On July 5, Cornelius Ryan, aged 23 years.

HAWTHORN—On July 7, at Toronto, Thomas Hawthorn, aged 72 years.

GILDING—On July 7, drowned, Thomas Norman Gilding, aged 4 years.

CARRUTH—On July 8, at Toronto, Mary Elizabeth Campbell Carruth, aged 12 years and 10 months.

FINLEY—On July 7, in the Township of Onondaga, County of Brant, James Finley, aged 54 years.

GEGG—On July 10, at Toronto, Jane Gegg, aged 55 years.

JACKSON—On July 15, Jane Jackson, aged 69 years.

BOYD—On June 29, at Westbourne, Man., William C. Boyd, aged 30 years and 8 months.

THORPE—On July 8, at Chicago, Mrs. Harriet S. Thorpe aged 66 years.

She Held a Full Hand.

"Do I know anything about poker!" echoed a henpecked husband. "Do you see that scar!" he continued, pointing to a mark on his forehead.

"Yes; how did you get it?"

"Poker caused it."

"How?"

"My wife held a full hand and raised me out of the game."

Under the distinguished patronage of His Worship Mayor Clarke, Col. Otter, C. B., D. A. G., Commanding Officer of C. Co., Royal School of Infantry and Lieut.-Col. Allen, Commanding Q. O. R., and officers of the Regiment.

Grand Military Promenade Concert

under the auspices of the

BUGLERS QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES

of Canada, on board the new steamer

CIBOLA

Friday Evening, July 20, '88

Full Regimental Band, Mr. J. Bayley, Director

Single Tickets 50 cents. Double Tickets 75 cents.

Boat leaves Yonge St. wharf at 8.30 and 10.30. Tickets for sale at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, Suckling & Sons', Whaley, Royce & Co. and Crean & Houston, King Street. Volunteers in Uniform.

QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONT.

This lovely resort is now open for the season. Excellent fishing, bathing, boating, lawn tennis and croquet lawns. The next hop will be given on Saturday evening, July 14 Steamer Chicora leaves for Toronto every morning at 8.30. Send for circular.

MCGAW & WINNETT

HANLAN'S POINT

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

GRAND OPEN AIR CONCERT

BY THE

CITIZENS' BAND

Under the direction of Mr. J. Bayley. Steamers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p. m. Band Concerts will be given every evening

DOTY FERRY CO.

LORNE PARK

Hotel Opens 15th of June

Magnificent Steamer ROTHESAY chartered for season. For rooms at Hotel or for a choice lot in this beautiful Summer Resort, apply to J. W. STOCKWELL, 24 King West, Treasurer. Opening day of sailing Saturday 16th June.

Niagara River Line

Change of Time

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Three Trips a day, beginning June 13, 1888.

For particulars as to rates, time, etc., inquire at principal ticket offices.

VICTORIA PARK

is acknowledged to be the most beautiful and pleasant summer resort adjacent to Toronto. The management is first class and the terms to Sunday School and Society Picnics are very liberal.

The Staunch Palace Steamer

CHICOUTIMI

leaves Yonge Street wharf at 10 a.m., 2 and 4 p.m. Fare 25c.; Children 15c., including free ride on Steam Merry-go-Round.

For terms etc., apply agent Milloy's Wharf or Telephone 232.

A Perfect Sewing Machine.

Some of the advantages enjoyed by users of the Empress sewing machines compared with others: 1st. The Empress is more convenient to handle. 2nd. It is lighter running. 3rd. It does its work better. 4th. It is practically noiseless. 5th. It is cleaner and does not drop oil or soil the work. 6th. It will not run back cards, breaking thread and needles, but always goes the right way. 7th. The Empress is the only machine with a work-basket.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.

GENTLEMEN,—As a practical machinist I have much pleasure in recommending the "Empress" Sewing Machine. It is built on approved principles that are a guarantee of durability and accuracy and the arrangement of its parts make it the lightest running lock-stitch sewing machine I have seen. The machine I bought from you a year ago is giving the best of satisfaction. Yours truly,

D. H. McKAY,
19 Gloucester street.

Machines Sent on Approval.

EMPRESS SEWING MACHINE CO.

49 King street west, Toronto.

Grand Trunk Railway

SATURDAY

Summer Excursions!

SEASON 1888

Commencing Saturday, June 2nd, Saturday to Monday Excursion Tickets will be on sale from Toronto, North and South, Parkdale, Carleton, Davenport and Intermediate stations, to Cobourg, Peterboro', Orillia, Bracebridge, North Bay, Niagara Falls, Ingersoll, Berlin and intermediate stations at

10cts. More Than Single First-Class Fare.

For further information apply at the Company's Ticket Offices.

J. HICKSON, General Manager.

Montreal, May 31, 1888.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CHANGE OF TIME

Commencing Sunday, July 8th, trains will leave Union Station, Toronto, as follows:

EAST.

8.45 a.m. and *5.45 p.m. for Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, the Saguenay, Boston, Portland, and all New England Coast Points.

5.00 p.m. for Peterboro, Havelock and way stations.

WEST.

7.40 a.m. and *2.00 p.m. for Galt, Woodstock, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and south-west.

7.40 a.m. and 4.15 p.m. for Galt, Woodstock, St. Thomas, London, Brampton, Fergus and Elora.

NORTH.

7.55 a.m and 4.40 p.m. for Cardwell Junction, Orangeville, Owen Sound, Mt. Forest, Harriston, Teeswater and Wingham.

11.00 a.m. Steamboat Express (Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays only) for Owen Sound, connecting with C. P. R. S.S. Line for Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinaw, Port Arthur, Winnipeg and all points on Pacific Coast.

*Runs daily. Through Sleeping Cars.

W. R. CALLAWAY, District Pass. Ag't

CYCLORAMA

Front and York Streets, Toronto.

NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

BATTLE OF SEDAN

SUMMER WOOD

Cut and split $2.25 per load. Kindling five crates $1.

R. TRUAX, 56 ADELAIDE ST. WEST

"WIDOWER JONES"

Is now published in book form. Price in paper in handsomely designed paper cover 30 cents; bound in cloth and gold 60 cents. Order at once, either direct from THE SUNYARD PUBLISHING CO., or through your newsdealer.

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

P. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

THE BEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE

FOR

Nobby, New and Stylish Hats

The largest variety can be seen from all the Leading English and American Manufacturers.

CHRISTY'S LONDON SILK HATS

New Style, Just to Hand, only $4

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Manufacturers and Direct Importers, 101 Yonge Street.

UNSURPASSED IN TONE

Mason & Risch

PIANOS

82 King Street West, Toronto

UNEQUALLED IN VALUE

Practice Pianos of other makers for Beginners at $50, $75, $100 and $125. TERMS EASY

Men's Youths' & Boys'

LIGHT-WEIGHT

SPRING OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more, we can produce it

ANY SHADE OR ANY PRICE

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

DIAMONDS.

For a large assortment and close prices call on

Goulden & Trorey

Manufacturing Jewelers and Diamond Setters

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

S. D. DOUGLAS & CO.

(Successors to the late ALEX. HAMILTON)

183 King St. East

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR

PAPER HANGING

KALSOMINING

TINTING

AND ALL KINDS OF

HOUSE PAINTING

AND

DECORATING.

WATERFILTERS

"The Gate City Stone Filter"

EASILY CLEANED

DOES NOT BECOME FOUL

AN EFFECTUAL PURIFIER

ABSOLUTELY PURE WATER

FOR SALE BY

HARRY A. COLLINS

90 YONGE STREET.

"DOMINION" PIANOS and ORGANS

Canada's Ideal Instruments. Tone, Sweetness, Durability.

DOMINION PIANOS

PIANOS DOMINION

SOLE AGENCY,

TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC, 68 King Street West

PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.